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Selections.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES,

Adopted at the Radical Political Anti-Slavery Convention, at Syracuse, June 26th, 1855.

THE Convention of "Radical Political Abolitionists" assembled at Syracuse, in the State of New York, on the 26th, 27th and 28th days of June, A.D., 1855, improve the opportunity to declare to the nation and the world their convictions concerning American slavery, its relations to the American People and Government, the responsibilities resting upon them, the principles by which they should be governed, and the measures they are morally bound to employ for the deliverance of their country and [illegible]

We believe slaveholding to be an unsurpassed crime, and we hold it to be the sacred duty of Civil Government to *suppress* crime. We conceive slaveholding to be the annihilation of human rights, and we hold it to be the grand end and mission of Civil Government to *protect* human rights. Nay, more—we hold that the Government which annihilates, instead of protecting, human rights should be known, not as Civil Government, but only as a conspiracy and a usurpation.

We accordingly declare and maintain that there can be no legitimate Civil Government, rightfully claiming support and allegiance as such, that is not authorized, nay, that is not morally and politically bound, to prohibit and to suppress slaveholding. The responsibilities of civil government in this country rest, primarily, upon the people, by whom their own forms of Government are instituted, and who, at the ballot-box, provide for their administration in conformity with their wishes.

If the Federal Government, by the Constitution, is not competent to this task, then it is incompetent to be a Civil Government at all, or to secure the objects set forth in the Constitution itself. It cannot "form a more perfect union," nor "establish justice," nor "ensure domestic tranquility," nor "provide for the common defence," nor "promote the general welfare," nor "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

But we deny that our fathers ever attempted such an absurdity as that of instituting a Civil Government without power to protect the natural rights of its subjects; a Government "to establish justice" and "secure the blessings of liberty" without powers adequate to the suppression of slaveholding. We challenge the proof that when they declared it self-evident that all men are created equal, they intended a portion of them to be slaves; that when they were publicly proclaiming inalienable rights, they were secretly plotting unparralleled wrongs; that when they "appealed to the Supreme Judge for the rectitude of their intentions," they were acting the part of base hypocrites; that when they professed "to establish justice," they bound themselves to support the grossest injustice; that, under pretence of securing the blessings of liberty, they entered into a compact for the support of slavery! Their language, in the Constitution, indicates nothing of the kind, but the opposite; and there is no proof that their intentions were in conflict with their language. We deem it, therefore, right and proper to construe the Constitution as it *reads*, and not as the slaveholders pretend that it *means*. And by such a construction, the Constitution requires the Federal Government to abolish slavery in all the States.

More than all this, we maintain that if it could be proved (as it cannot be) that our fathers mentally intended to protect slavery, while their words, in the Constitution, required its suppression, we should still hold ourselves at liberty and under obligation to use the Constitution according to its *righteous language*, and against their *unrighteous intentions*. If men use language for dishonest purposes, and with dishonest intentions, it becomes the duty of honest men who may succeed them, and to whom their written instruments are committed, to defeat such dishonest purposes and intentions, if they can, by interpreting the language according to its natural and just meaning. Every enlightened and upright jurist will thus decide; and the decision commits to the Federal Government a Constitution that binds it to suppress slavery.

We deny that the Constitution could have contained any valid recognition of slavery, because there was never any legalized slavery in this country, to be the *subject* of such recognition. We deny that slavery *can be* legalized by any conceivable process whatever. And, aside from this, we affirm that, according to the rules and maxims even of slaveholding jurisprudence, and of the Supreme Court of the United States, there *never has been* any legalized slavery in this country. On this point we are ready to produce abundant testimony from eminent slaveholding jurists and statesmen themselves. And the whole history of slavery and of the slave trade proves the statement to be truthful.

We affirm that the general structure of the Federal Constitution, as well as its particular provisions, preclude the legal existence of slavery, forbid the States to maintain it, provide for the liberation of the enslaved, and authorize and require, at the hands of the Federal Government, its suppression. The powers conferred on the Federal Government by the Constitution are amply adequate to this object. And we deny that the exercise of these powers, for the suppression of slavery, would be any infringment of constitutional State Rights, or of any of the "reserved rights" of the States or of the people.

With these views of the Constitution of our country, we feel ourselves prepared for an aggressive—not a merely defensive—contest with the Slave Power. We take our position accordingly, and ask our fellow-citizens to do the same. We sue for no needless amendments of the Constitution, requiring the concurrence of two-thirds of the States. Properly constructed, it already gives us all we need. We attempt no dissolution of the Union. The Constitution makes no provision for it, and nothing short of a revolution could effectuate it. We *consent* to no dissolution that would leave the slave in his chains. We demand the Constitutional deliverance of the slave, and of the whole country, North and South; a deliverance by the peaceful ballot-box, and within the power of the non-slaveholders of the United States. We seek not to assure, console or to delude ourselves or others with mere idle efforts to prevent the further *extension* of slavery, while admitting its constitutional right to continue *where it exists*. We will consent to no compromise with the deceiver, that keeps no faith with its dupes—no compromise with pollution and crime. We yield not one inch, for one moment, nor on any conditions, to the control of the demon over *any* portion of our country, or over a single being over whom floats our national flag. We are *Americans*, knowing no North, no South, no slaves and no slave States. We are not only Americans, but men, and demand that, irrespective of race or complexion, all men shall be free.

Believing, as we firmly do, that the time to maintain, to fortify, and to render effectual this high and commanding ground has fully come, and that the occupancy of any lower ground would invite further aggressions and ensure final defeat, we resolutely take our stand on the platform already defined. Our political *activities* must meet the demands of our *convictions*. We can consent to nothing less.

With our ideas of the nature of civil government, of our constitutional powers, of our corresponding responsibilities as republican citizens—with our views of the common brotherhood of the human race and of the equal rights of our fellow-countrymen in bonds—the position we have here taken rises high above any mere calculations of expedients, of availabilities, or of exigencies, however pressing and portentous. The ground we occupy is, to us, *holy* ground; the ground of the *true* and of the *right*; the ground marked out by the instincts of our moral natures, by our relations to our fellow-men, by our allegiance to the common *Father of all*, by the Divine Law of loving our neighbour as ourselves. We feel that our prayers to Heaven for the security of our liberties—of the non-slaveholding States, or of any portion of our free territory—would be impious and offensive to a just God, the impartial parent of all men, if, in the act of offering such prayers, and of putting forth our own efforts to that end, we should consent to leave any portion of our fellow-countrymen in bondage, entitled as they are, by the organic and supreme law of the land, to the same freedom and protection with ourselves.

The moral government of God over the nations, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, and as illustrated in the page of universal history, forbids us to cherish any expectation of securing permanently *our own* liberties, or the liberties of *any portion* of the nation to which we belong, by any process short of securing the liberties of each and all.

The foundation principles of civil government and of civil law confirm us in the same belief. The past and passing history of our own country, and of the pending struggle between despotism and freedom testifies to the same truth, and assures us that there is no rational ground to expect the deliverance of our country but by a strict adherence to the great principles upon which our measures are founded. To those principles and measures we cling, as to the sheet anchor of American liberty, and we call on all the friends of humanity, of the slave, of free institutions, of pure religion and of our common country, to come up to the rescue, and cast in their lot with us, in this great struggle. "Sink or swim, survive or perish," we are resolved to go forward. Our panoply is the *truth*, Our confidence is in Him who is the refuge of the oppressed, and in whose hands are the destinies of all.

THE CUBAN SCHEME.

From The Herald.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE LATE CUBAN MOVEMENT.

THE more light that is thrown upon the late movement in Cuba, the more unaccountable appears the conduct of the Pierce Administration, and the stronger the grounds for indignation among the Creoles. It appears that the discovery was made in this way: A Government agent, in the confidence of the State Department, placed himself in close communication with the Junta and their friends here. This was the easier to do as, at first, publicly and privately, Mr. Pierce had professed deep sympathy [illegible] to obtain the independence of the island. Mr. Goicouria, who has withdrawn from the Cuban Junta, because it was not fast enough for his ideas, has made several long visits at the British Embassy, and one, if not more, young Cubans of the first families in the island were here several days waiting for him, and, after being closeted with him the best of the night at Willard's, one left for the South, and one for Europe, the next day. Both of these gentlemen have said, without reserve, that the commercial interests of Cuba, and even the planting interests, would readily consent to give up slavery at the end of twenty years, if, in consideration of the sacrifice, England will secure the immediate independence of Cuba and Porto Rico. This is probably the basis of the new project, and is not, after all, a very wild idea. Soon after the massacre of Crittenden and his party at Havana, many Cuban gentlemen of fortune and family, who were obliged to leave their country in consequence of their connection with Lopez, went to live in England in preference to the United States. Their unmeasured denunciations of Mr. Fillmore for his tacit endorsement of that tragedy attracted the attention of the British Government, and the Cuban revolutionists were invited to interviews with persons of official rank, in which the possibility of Cuban independence was discussed in all its phases. The confidence of the Cubans was invited under the personal pledges of honour of gentlemen in close official relations with the British Government, and I am assured by one of the parties that this confidence has never been violated, although the position of the Cuban Junta, its sources, and a general outline of its plan of action, were candidly stated.

The result of those conferences was a memorandum from Lord Palmerston, which, if acceptable to the Cuban revolutionary council, is to take a "more formal and effective shape."

This memorandum, I have good authority for saying, run almost in these words:

"The British Government has great cause of discontent with Spain, who manifests no real disposition to refund or secure the enormous sums borrowed from British subjects, and who, in the face of her solemn treaty obligations, tolerates, by her inaction, if she does not secretly abet, the iniquitous traffic in African slaves. It is the natural duty of the British Government to protect the interests of its subjects, and to enforce its treaties. Therefore, no nation would have a right to complain if, in accordance with the sympathy which a free and constitutional government would necessarily feel for a people in the pursuit of said blessing, England should decide to serve Cuba, and do justice to her own subjects, by looking to that island for the payment of the otherwise unattainable debt due from Spain to British interest. England has no desire to increase her colonies in America, but she has a deep interest in the entire and immediate abolition of slavery in the West Indies; and, if this object could be obtained, and at the same time the payment of their just claims could be assured to her citizens by Cuba, it might become the policy—perhaps, in view of the omission of Spain to observe her contracts—the positive duty of the British Government—to assure the national independence of Cuba, with the understanding that this independence is to be preserved, and not merged in that of any other nation whatever."

This memorandum was not satisfactory to the Cubans, inasmuch as it burdened them with a heavy debt, and put their slave property in imminent jeopardy; but later events have modified their views. The Junta still holds out; but a large moneyed interest, including some of the very heaviest slaveholders in Cuba and Porto Rico, are now soliciting this arrangement, as better.

It will be remembered that about the time this hint of a plan of independence was tendered to the Cubans, the official press of Great Britain assumed a very blustering tone towards Spain, which gave general rumour that the British Cabinet was preparing an attack of some kind on the "imbecile bankrupt" and "faithless violator of treaties."

Correspondence of The Tribune.

HAVANA, Wednesday, June 20, 1855.

The emancipation movement meets with a far more general advocacy than I had dared hope for when I first wrote you on the subject. A very few evenings since, an elderly gentleman—the owner, as I am told, of a large number of slaves—was highly elated on the subject being mentioned to him. He suggested to at once make known to the slaves that it was intended to set them free, and it was some time before he could be convinced that it would be unwise to do so. Yet, despite all this, the Creoles are so fickle and so feeble-minded that it will be well not to be too sanguine upon the matter.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE IN IOWA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

BURLINGTON (Iowa), June 23, 1855.

THERE was quite an excitement here, this morning, owing to the seizure of an alleged fugitive from slavery. I went down immediately on hearing of the affair, and saw a crowd rapidly collecting around a two-horse wagon, in the middle of the street, containing two men, the pretended fugitive and Dr. James, a worthy man, living about five miles from Burlington, who was said to have been caught assisting the negro on toward freedom. Over the wagon and its occupants kept watch and ward two dark-skinned Missourians, armed to the teeth, and uttering, ever and anon, sundry bloody oaths and desperate threats toward all who might be supposed to differ from them as to the justice of their measures. No writ had been issued, and these law-abiding persons had taken justice into their own hands, after the most approved Southern fashion. It seems that the negro came to the house of Dr. James, early this morning, and asked to be helped on his way. The Doctor, in the kindness of his heart, guided rather by the spirit of 1776 than of 1850, took him in his wagon to the shore of Illinois, and, having reached it, was just turning from the highway into a more obscure path, when the aforesaid dark-skinned individuals, having, in the meanwhile, crossed in the other boat, presented themselves before him and ordered him to stop. He at first refused, but, showing their weapons like true-bred highwaymen, they proceeded to enforce their command. He at length assented, and, turning round, drove on to the boat again. At this juncture, a Burlington man, seeing how affairs were going, asked the claimants to show their papers. As they had no such documents in their possession, he told Dr. James to drive on, but the hirelings of the boat, having been promised a bribe, unloosed her and brought the whole party back to the Iowa shore. The heroes of the bowie-knife and revolver then marshalled their captives up town, as far as the Post-Office, where I first saw them. They remained here, guarding them in this way, for nearly three hours, while the writs were being drawn, the crowd and excitement continually increasing. No effort, however, was made at a rescue. About 12 o'clock the writ was brought, and the negro was taken to a Justice's office in the second story of a little wooden building, to which access was gained by a narrow flight of stairs. No persons were admitted but the fugitive, his pursuers (they did not claim to be owners), their counsel and two or three others. A regular tool of slavery guarded the door. He is said to be the City Marshal. This great pacificator assured the crowd below that he "did not want a fight," that he desired "peace." "*Will* you respect Burlington?" said he.

The pursuers made affidavit that the negro belonged to Thomas Ruthford, of Clark Co., Mo., and escaped on the 21st of this month. Not having all the proof that they wanted, the case was put off until next Wednesday, and the black man lodged in jail. He is called Dick. The hounds baying on the track of Dick are called Young and Rose, and are said to be of *noble breed*. Only a few beside damask-faced bloats favoured the claimants. These crimson gentry ranted and canted greatly about our duty to obey the law—probably forgetting the *Maine Law*. This affair is a novelty here, and a great deal of excitement is expected next Wednesday. If I am in this region then, I will write more.

BURLINGTON (Iowa), June 26, 1855.

The trial of the arrested fugitive slave was had this morning, before United States Commissioner Frazee, and resulted in the discharge of the fugitive. When the pretended son-in-law of the alleged owner was put under oath, he refused to swear that the fugitive before them was the property of his father-in-law, and the kidnappers (for such it is evident they were) were, this time, foiled in their infernal plot.

People came in from the towns around us the distance of fifteen miles to attend the trial. A strong anti-slavery sentiment generally prevails here, and the discharge of the negro was hailed with joy. Dr. James took the man in his carriage soon after and crossed the river into Illinois, and it will not take long for the Underground Railroad to convey the poor fellow where "kidnappers" and slave-catchers can no longer oppress him.

The negro-hunters left town very suddenly, after the decision of the Court was given, and will find it safe to keep as far as possible from this city, as efforts are to be made to arrest them and have them tried for perjury.

THE paper which we publish below was read at the London Anti-Slavery Conference, in February last, by M. SCHŒLCHER, and a garbled report of it given in the official report of the meeting issued from the office of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. We are indebted to M. Schœlcher himself for this copy, in which he has supplied the omissions, so that the paper now appears for the first time in print as he read it to the Conference.

PAPER *read by Monsieur* VICTOR SCHŒLCHER, *on the results of Emancipation in the French West India Colonies.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is quite in accordance with the objects of the present meeting that you should wish to ascertain what have been the results of Emancipation in the French colonies. I will endeavour to fulfil that task, and you will, I hope, allow me to read what I have to say on the subject, as, from my very imperfect knowledge of the English language, I could not otherwise make myself sufficiently understood.

I know how valuable is your time, and I will not, therefore, waste it by any preliminaries.

Before the year 1848, a group of men, belonging to all political opinions, but united in the holy cause of humanity, laboured in France in favour of the abolition of slavery. Thanks to the efforts of those who were also members of the French Houses of Parliament, they had succeeded, during the previous ten years, in carrying several Bills intended for the improvement of the condition of the slaves; but the planters, emboldened by the indifference of the Government, set those laws at defiance. On the other hand, the French Houses of Parliament were frightened by the idea of the indemnity in case of emancipation, and they therefore constantly hesitated to take any decisive step, notwithstanding the glorious example given by Great Britain in 1836, and notwithstanding, also, the crimes committed by masters against slaves, the narration of which too often caused shudderings of horror throughout the country.

Meanwhile broke out the revolution of February. Generous, grand, humane, above all, the fate of the slaves called forth its immediate attention. All the liberties are sisters, as all the despotisms are accomplices: it is a law of *solidarité* which governs the world more than people are generally aware of. The Provisional Government did not delay the satisfaction which was due to the dignity of mankind. They instantly abolished, throughout all the French territories, an institution which dishonours still more a republic (you will allow a republican to say so) than it does any other form of Government. They decreed the abolition of slavery, with the abolition of the punishment of death, and also that of corporeal punishment—all remains of barbarous ages which still disgraced our code.

They emancipated the slaves all at once, and without transition, because, having studied the experiment of apprenticeship in your colonies, they knew the dangers it involved; because they were convinced that, in such cases, preparatory means prepare only difficulties and hatred; because in slavery there can exist no possible progress towards liberty, as there can exist in no combination whatever of evil a step towards good.

The Provisional Government, however, did not carry out lightly so important a measure. They attentively sought the means of making it advantageous to all, without danger for any one; and the decrees which relate to it were well framed to conciliate the liberty restored to the slaves with what rights might belong to the former masters, and especially with labour, which is the first want of all societies, and which constitutes the essence of civilization.

Shortness of time prevents me explaining the detail of those decrees. I will only say, that on the spot, and in presence of the unavoidable difficulties inherent to all great social changes, the planters themselves, before they were excited by the spirit of resistance, declared that the Provisional Government had acted wisely. Their most impassioned newspaper, when the decrees were published in the Antilles, in June, 1848, contained the following lines: "We do not hesitate to proclaim that the decrees for the abolition of slavery, such as they are, and carried into effect by a prudent and courageous administration, contain all the chief elements of a good solution of the colonial question. Let us do them justice, and let us say, that of all the acts of the Provisional Government, this is the only one which has come out in a complete form." Even the restriction contained in these last words is an additional praise of those decrees; not that I find that restriction a just one, but because it shows that the praise emanates from men who are not very fanatical admirers of the Provisional Government, a servant of which I shall ever feel proud to have been.

The act of emancipation was, in fact, very fortunate; the slaves greeted it with delight, and in perfect order, and not the slightest disturbance occurred. We may proclaim, as a truth added to the principle of human perfectibility, that liberty elevates the mind, and moralizes; for liberty is the right of all, and the self-respect of every one. It is that light without which man cannot find the real paths of good. The governments which confiscate the liberties of the people are always immoral and hateful governments, and they ought to be shunned by all, as criminals are.

Some will say, perhaps, that a fatal collision took place at Martinique. I must hasten to say that this happened in May, 1848, when slavery was still in existence: it can only be attributed to the effervescence which the consequence of the revolution of February had produced in an island where the rigours of slavery had created violent hatreds. This beginning of a civil war was fortunately quelled at its origin, through the intervention of the free coloured men, to the admirable behaviour of whom the planters did ample justice. The written testimonials of it will ever exist, and later dissensions cannot erase them.

Unfortunately, the good dispositions with which the planters had received the decrees of Abolition did not last. Like all other persons deprived of privileges which they possessed, the planters regretted what they were losing, and wished to retain at least the preponderance. By a misfortune much greater still, they found assistance in the metropolitan government, which had fallen into the hands of the reactionary party, soon after the fatal days of June, 1848. They began by waging war against the Mulattoes whom the revolution had naturally carried to office: they obtained their dismissal, and charged the whole class of them with the intention of expelling the white population, in order to oppress in their turn the former slaves. This is what they called the plot of substitution. The Mulattoes, however, did nothing more than vindicate a real equality, and support their emancipated brothers in the rights which belonged to them. Thence arose between the two classes a division which became wider and more envenomed day after day.

Captain Layrle, of the French navy, who had been sent, in 1840, to the English colonies, by the French Government, in order to study the results of the Bill of 1837, witnessed there a similar conflict, and has expressed his opinion in the following words: "The blame does not lie with the men of colour." I make the same assertion as to what happened in our colonies.

But there was another evil besides. The former masters, spoilt by the use of the absolute power which they had enjoyed, grew impatient at having to discuss on equal terms with their former slaves, matters of wages and labour. They felt angry, especially, at meeting with resistance to their exigencies on the part of men whom they had been accustomed to command with lashes. Here, Ladies and Gentlemen, I feel perplexed. Though the former masters, who enjoy alone now the advantage of expressing their opinion in newspapers, do not shrink from attacking daily their adversaries, who have no means of answering them, yet I hesitate to attack them in their absence. However, if I wish to fulfil the task I have here undertaken, I must say what I think the truth. It is, that the former masters have not shown a sufficient respect for the liberty of the negroes, and have sought too much to obtain means of restraint. This is a serious charge; but I bring it forward on the authority of a man—M. Bayle-Mouillard—who occupied, at Guadaloupe, the highest judicial post—that of Attorney-General. This high functionary, faithful to his duty, wished to preserve an equal balance of justice between the parties, and, in consequence of this, he was violently expelled from the colony by the Governor (Colonel Fiéron), who was in former time a slaveholder, and entirely devoted to the abettors of slavery. The Minister of Justice, though enlightened as to the motives of such an expulsion, had not the courage to send back the honourable magistrate to his former post; but, to make amends for it, he appointed him to a high judicial office in one of the most important towns of France, where, on taking possession of his seat, M. Bayle-Mouillard made a speech in which we notice the following sentence: "Some former masters in the colonies seek for a reprovable constraint. They dream of—I know not what system of compulsory labour, and they declaim against the magistrate who refuses to replace the whip of the overseer by the hand of dishonoured law."

While M. Fiéron, the Governor of Guadaloupe, was expelling the first magistrate of the island, he was, at the same time, sending on board ship the bishop, who had likewise refused to make his holy ministry subservient to compulsory labour.

I enter into these details in order to show you that I am not exaggerating. Such unheard-of violence committed against men occupying such high offices may give you an idea of the degree of reactionary passion, and of the fatal compliance which it met with.

It is, unfortunately, too true that the planters have not been wise enough to submit themselves to look on the emancipated slaves as their equals, or, at least, to behave to them as such. They admitted the principle of abolition, but they would not admit its logical consequences; they looked on equality as adverse to their interests, and contrary to their dignity. Time has not weakened those opinions. Pride of caste, however ridiculous it may be, of all the maladies which afflict mankind, is one of the longest to cure. I found a curious proof of it, a few days since, in perusing the papers of Martinique.

A traveller pretends that he has seen at Mecca a man with a tail. This man, says he, who eats no other food but some raw mutton every morning, belongs to a tribe of the interior of Africa, called the *Niams-niams*. I am rather inclined to believe that the man with a tail is of the same sort as the ants as big as oxen, seen by Herodotus. But such is not the case with my countrymen in the colonies. One of them immediately discovered there a new class of immigrants to set to work, and he very seriously wrote a letter, which was inserted in the *Journal de la Martinique*, of the 16th of October last—"Speculation," he says, "has, in this discovery, a rich mine to work upon. Let them bring us *Niam-niams*; they will easily get used to the climate: the disparity between their conformation and ours will keep from their thoughts and from their mouths all those dissonant pretensions of equality, of which such misuse is daily made. They will not constantly answer us, 'I am as much as you.'"

"I am as much as you." There is the explanation of all. It is because the blacks have had the impudence to say, according to the motto of Anti-Slavery Societies, "Am I not a man? Am I not as much as you?" that the French colonies have had such disturbances.

I cannot enter here into the narrative of these disturbances. Suffice it to say, that the party of resistance had the idea of attributing any fire, however small, to a plot which they called the plot of fire-raising, and which was supposed to be introduced to drive all the white population from the islands by means of ruin and terror. The wickedness of some, and the blindness of the greater number, were carried so far that they were not satisfied with incriminating as the chiefs of the plot the Abolitionists who, in France, were defending the cause of the emancipated slaves; they even accused Admiral Bruat, Governor-General of the Antilles, and the Colonial Minister himself, of being accomplices of the supposed fire-raisers, because they did not readily accede to all the violent measures which were required of them. Alas! they even went further still. Under pretence of striking terror on the supposed fire-raisers, and of laying hold of them more easily, martial law was proclaimed in Guadaloupe, and a court-martial sentenced to death an unfortunate negro, who was executed, notwithstanding his evident innocence. I do not hesitate to term that execution a judicial murder, similar to those of Sidney and Lord Russell, similar to those which abound in the history of all counter-revolutions.

Limited by space and time, I cannot lay before you the proofs of all I say, but I affirm most positively, Ladies and Gentlemen, that I attest nothing without authentic proofs: they are recorded in books which I will place in the hands of those who wish to ascertain the facts.

I could not, nor would not, dissemble those painful events. Truth compels me to state them; and if I had attempted to spare you the sad narrative, I should have been accused of concealing them as misfortunes inherent to the holy cause of emancipation. Such is not the case. The disturbances in our Antilles followed emancipation, but they were not a direct consequence of it. They did not take place on the ground of the abolition of slavery, or of the measures relating to it; our adversaries even never said so. They were the result of political causes, of which too many examples are seen on the continent; they have always appeared in every state of society where two contrary principles are opposed to each other.

It is to be said, besides, that the reactionary metropolitan Government must bear the chief blame in all this. The planters are men, and, like men, they obeyed a certain selfishness of human nature, which, when badly directed, makes us seek our private advantage, regardless of that of others. Deprived of a power which they had enjoyed for centuries, they wished to reconquer it. The duty of the central Government was to bring them back to more equitable ideas, by wise and firm measures, as the English ministry had done when they met with similar tendencies. Instead of this, our Government not only replaced by whites all the mulattoes and negroes on whom the revolution had conferred public offices, but reinstated also in office those functionaries who, before abolition, had shown the greatest prejudice against the slaves, and whom the revolution had very naturally removed. The consequences of that were most deplorable, and could not be otherwise. The recently-appointed functionaries, and those restored to office, were thus transformed into party-men, who sacrificed everything to the triumphers: they lost the first apanage of authority, the confidence and respect of those under their jurisdiction. One class looked on them as agents whose services they might command, the other class dreaded them as enemies.

It is almost needless to add that the present Government of France strengthened the power of the colonial oligarchy. To-day all conflict has ceased: the former masters rule peaceably, and the emancipated are vanquished. What they call Order reigns in the Antilles, like at Warsaw. There is silence there as in Paris, as there was silence in England under Charles the Second, as there was silence, also, under James the Second till the Revolution of 1688 gave a voice to rights and to justice.

Revolutions are evils like war; they bring with them public disasters and private sufferings; they distract nations and desolate many hearts. But, like war, also, it is those who cause them, and not those who make them, who are answerable for them to civilization. Who can deny that, in presence of all the generous blood which flows now on the wide fields of the East.

They are much to be pitied. No authorities whatever interfere in their favour, no protecting magistrate is placed between them and the owners of the land. The local administration seems only busy in making them feel the weight of their liberty, as if they wished to punish them for being free. Many, to secure their perfect independence, cultivated vegetables and stores of ready consumption; a heavy tax was put on land cultivated in that way. A decree of the 13th of February, 1852, compels all cultivators, possessing nothing, to contract, whether they will or not, an engagement of labour on a plantation. Those who attempted to resist were put in prison, the others yielded. The planters call this a very civilizing decree, because it masters, as they say, "the native idleness of the negroes." Since the negroes are sentenced to compulsory labour, it is quite rational that they should be accused of native idleness. It is the first homage paid to the eternal sanctity of justice, that those who violate it endeavour to excuse themselves in their own eyes and in those of others. Any negro, who is met on a high road, or in town, without an authorization of his employer, or a passport, called passport for the inferior, is liable to be arrested as a vagrant, just the same as it was in the time of slavery when he had not got a ticket from his master. The only difference is, that to-day he has to pay for that blessed passport. The treasury purveyors, whose ingenious inventions are universally known, have devised all sorts of taxes, which only crush the poor, without bringing in anything worthy of notice. For instance, besides the personal tax, which is a very rational one, they have invented a tax on all sorts of industry, even of the most inferior kind. So the black who has already paid the personal tax, and the tax on the land on which he grows vegetables, is again called upon to pay for a license if he chooses to come to market to sell his vegetables, besides the price of his passport, without which he is not allowed to stir!

Even education has become a fiscal measure, and a means of restraints. The provisional Government wished to open the paths of intellectual life to the emancipated class by education, at the same time as civic life was opened to them by freedom. Considering that men, who, only the day before, were slaves, might not, perhaps, be alive to the importance of instruction for their children, they had made education compulsory, but had, at the same time, prescribed the establishment of gratuitous schools everywhere in the country, as well as in the towns, following in that the admirable dispositions taken in your colonies. At the present time, schools are yet compulsory, but they are no more gratuitous. A father is still compelled to send his child to school, but he must pay a sum of sixty francs a year in advance; and if he is poor, in order to pay he must contract an engagement on a plantation, that is to say, bind his own independence, or else go to prison; after which his child is admitted in the school for two hours a day, not more. The administration agrees with the planters to say that it is quite enough for a black. It is true that they say, at the same time, that the intelligence of the black race is inferior to that of the white one. You see what a compensation!

Of all the impositions with which the emancipated slaves are loaded, in order to press them for the service of the plantations, the most revolting is that of immigration. They are obliged so to give their money to introduce foreign labourers, intended as a competition against them, as a means of diminishing their own earnings. These immigrations, besides, have all the characteristics of the trade in human cargoes. A reserve of expressions is not even cared for. You find in the newspapers advertisements such as these: "To dispose of, the engagements of 140 Indian cultivators, the greater part of whom are men *of prime choice*." Another day you are informed "the engagement of 400 Indians who are expected to arrive soon," and on whose account, says the advertisement, the captain of the ship writes thus: "I bring a *handsome and complete cargo*: I have only men *of prime choice*." You will not be surprised after this to hear that those men of prime or second choice are bid for by auction, that they are transferred from one person to another like brutes, and that even by decision of the judges; for the French Government has always its direct share in all the colonial evils. I have read in a newspaper of the Island of Bennion: "JUDICIAL ADVERTISEMENTS—Transfer of engagements of Indians by decision of the Court—It is made known to the public, that on Thursday, the 28th day of June, 1831, in the Court of the Town-Hall of St. Denis, will take place *the transfer* by the ministry of M. Gamin, auctioneer, of the labour of 93 Indians, who were on the plantation of M. Séré."

Those hateful episodes of immigration seem to me to be inseparable from the thing itself, though, in the beginning, I have seen them avoided in the English colonies. To say the truth, they are not men who are now imported in our colonial possessions; they are tools with human faces, handles of hoes, as the slaves were formerly termed. The misfortune is, that the former masters wish always to have instruments of cultivation of which they may dispose arbitrarily, instead of having free cultivators. There is, however, but one means of securing in the future the quietness and the prosperity of the colonies—it is to make real men of the negroes who are there, who are accustomed to the clime, and who form the agricultural and productive population of the country; to turn them into *bona fide* citizens, who, having their share in the general welfare, by comfort, equality, liberty and education, will, as one might say, incorporate themselves with the general interest. Man must feel interested in the land he cultivates, to think of cultivating himself. The planters are not only doing a thing wrong in itself, but they injure their own interests by doing so. They undermine the foundations of wealth by wishing to become rich too rapidly and without trouble; they are killing the goose that lays golden eggs. What are, for a country, those new labourers, yet in a state of nature, and who do their work like cattle and horses? Nothing of any moral, that is, of any real use; they render material services, like cattle and horses, that is all; but they leave nothing after them when they disappear; they are not even consumers whilst they are there. In a well-organized society there must be not only producers, but consumers also. Let them, besides, cease to come, from one cause or other, and the fields will remain in irremediable barrenness. Bad inclinations, in spite of what may be said, are not always good politics. The fruits of selfishness are like those of the garden of the Hesperides, splendid to view, but full of ashes to the taste.

Notwithstanding the dark picture which I have had to trace, we must be far from despairing of the French colonies. Slavery, the great evil, is forever abolished. A new Constitution has been lately made for those colonies. That Constitution is quite an imperial ray; it absorbs all rights to place them in the hands of governors who thus become their emperors on a small scale. Those who have confiscated the liberty of the whites, by means which I cannot more qualify before an English assembly, could not show themselves very anxious of preserving that of the blacks. Copyists of the first empire, they might have attempted also to re-establish slavery, as the first empire did, notwithstanding all the blood it cost. They have not dared to do so. The first line of their colonial constitution is—Slavery shall never be re-established. Such a declaration shows what power Emancipation possesses in modern opinions, and how well it answers the inspirations of the age.

Nothing, then, is lost in the French Antilles; freedom has spread there imperishable roots. No doubt the emancipated classes are oppressed; in fact, this unfortunately is the case, also, with many of the European populations; but, in right, they are free; and that liberty which is theirs forever, they will recover it when the mother-country recovers its own. This will happen sooner or later, there is no doubt of it, for the history of the world teaches, to encourage us in our efforts and comfort us in our sufferings, that it is the essence of evil to be temporary, and the essence of good to be everlasting.

Conscious of my insufficiency, I am afraid I have already taken up too much of your time; and I am anxious to listen, in my turn, to men who are more entitled to your attention. Yet I beg leave to add a few words more. It has been written lately, that the republican leaders, refugees in England, had declared that they were disposed to overlook the question of slavery in the United States. Though I have not the pretension of being a leader, yet, as a refugee, and in presence of such a meeting, I feel the want of protesting publicly against that assertion. I affirm solemnly that it rests on no ground. Every democrat in Europe is determined, at any cost, to raise his voice against the servile institution which still sullies the United States. We are all interested in it, we who believe in *solidarité*, for slavery in a Republic is, at the same time a shame, and a danger for the democratic doctrines. Slavery exercises a corrupting action on all that surrounds it; those who have no direct share in it require a peculiar strength of mind to screen themselves from its fatal influence; those who are weak cannot resist it. If the manners have become milder in modern Europe, it is because the triumph of the principle of liberty has suppressed the possession of man by man. All the nations which have not yet enjoyed that blessing are more or less in a state of barbarity. In the United States, notwithstanding their admirable Constitution, slavery, which still exists in the Southern States, poisons the whole Republic. You will meet, even in the free States, public writers who will maintain that the servitude of a whole race of men is a perfectly legitimate thing! I have noticed in New York almost as much prejudice of colour as in New Orleans. In the eyes of republicans, all aristocracy is contrary to common sense; and yet, owing to the deleterious infiltrations of servitude, there are sincere and ardent republicans who accept the most childish and the most absurd of all aristocracies, the aristocracy of the skin; they grant or deny to a man his own self-possession according to his cuticle being white or black! We will never cease, therefore, to exalt the intrepid American Abolitionists, and to encourage them in their efforts; for on the day of their triumph they will wash out a stain on our common standard, they will overthrow the last stronghold which slavery possesses in the world, they will free mankind of the greatest insult which it has ever had to bear.

THE CUBAN QUESTION IN MISSISSIPPI.

From the National Intelligencer, June 19.

We observe by the newspapers that Gen. Quitman was at Jackson, Mississippi, about the beginning of this month, and addressed the people on the subject of Cuban independence. From the description of his speech in the *Flag of the Union*, we learn that he argued that the mission of Republicanism and the great principles of self-government, like the mission of the Christian religion, is aggressive; and that it is the duty of all votaries of freedom to disseminate its doctrines to the enlightenment and elevation of the Caucasian race. The acquisition of Cuba he deemed a universal sentiment. Of the three modes suggested to to obtain it—viz., by purchase, by public conquest, or by private conquest—he said that the first had failed hopelessly; that the second would be barren of good, as the blacks would be emancipated before the United States could get possession; and, consequently, that the third method was the only feasible one for its accomplishment. Upon this point he dwelt energetically, enforcing his own views by referring to the successful revolution and subsequent annexation of Texas, which, he said, had been accomplished by the material aid of American citizens, in despite of the proclamation of Gen. Jackson warning them against interference.

Such, substantially, according to the *Flag of the Union*, was the argument of Gen. Quitman, concerning which a Mobile cotemporary properly remarks that it contains matter "that might come back to plague the orator, should he be found again within the jurisdiction of his learned and able friend, Hon. John A. Campbell, of the United States Supreme Court."

The Democratic journal published at Jackson also has an article describing the visit of General Quitman to the capital of his State, which is worthy of notice. We copy it entire.

From the Jackson Mississippian, of June 1.

Gen. Quitman reached the capital on Monday. The announcement of his arrival drew to the depôt a large concourse of citizens, eager to testify their respect for him as a soldier who has perilled his life in defence of his country, as an ardent and uncompromising advocate of the rights of the South, and as one who, in various civil trusts, has been faithful in the discharge of his duties. In behalf of the citizens present, he was welcomed with appropriate remarks by Capt. Wm. Estelle, to which he responded, referring chiefly to his connection with the well-known movements in the United States having for their object the liberation of Cuba.

Agreeably to previous notice, Gen. Quitman delivered an address upon the Cuban question to a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen, at the Representatives' hall, on Wednesday evening. He recapitulated, with much force and clearness, the importance of the establishment of the independence of Cuba to the interests of the United States, treating it, first, as a national question, and, secondly, as a question affecting the destiny of the slave States. He adverted to his connection with the famed Cuban expedition, and censured the action of the federal Administration touching the enterprise.

We will remark that, while a strong current of sympathy pervades this part of the country towards that expedition, there are few, uninfluenced by personal or partisan considerations, who are prepared to find fault with the action of President P

stake, selected in consequence of its indestructibility by fire.

On the top of the pile of light-wood the criminal was placed, and securely chained to the stake. While in this situation, he confessed his guilt, stating that he had no accomplice; that he was actuated by lust alone; that he had attempted to violate her person, but had failed, and, to conceal the attempt, he had cruelly murdered her by beating the poor creature with a stump; and while he was doing this, she implored him to carry her home to her father and that she would conceal the violence he had inflicted. He then left, but soon returned, and, after again beating her, he concealed the body in the very hole where the stake was planted at which he suffered.

After this confession was made the match was applied, and in a few moments the devouring flames were enveloping the doomed negro; his fearful cries resounded through the air, while the surrounding negroes who witnessed his dreadful agony and horrible contortions sent up an involuntary howl of horror. His sufferings, though excruciating, were short; in a few minutes the flames had enveloped him entirely, revealing now and then, as they fitfully swayed hither and thither, his black and burning carcass, like a demon of the fire, grinning as if in hellish triumph at his tormentors. Soon all was over; nothing was left but the burning flesh and charred skeleton of this human devil, who could thus deliberately perpetrate so foul a crime. The horrid outrage was fearfully avenged; and though the heavens were reeking with the stench of burning flesh, yet justice was satisfied; the law of retaliation was inflicted as nearly as it could be, while the example made of this wretch had, no doubt, a salutary effect upon the two thousand slaves who witnessed his execution.

We are far from approving of the infliction of mob-law, yet, in aggravated cases like this, popular ebullition will manifest itself, and, in view of the enormity of the wretch's offence, we, as a public journalist, cannot approve, yet we have neither time nor inclination to censure the conduct of the people of South Sumpter. Justice was inflicted by them, and a thousand deaths of the kind were too good for a devil like negro Dave.

GOV. REEDER AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

From the Boston Telegraph.

* * * At the time the correspondence of Mr. Marcy with Gov. Reeder first appeared, we took occasion to say that among men of ordinary sense there could be no sort of doubt as to the motives of the Administration in its contemplated removal of Reeder, and that motive was, not to express any disapprobation of speculations in half-breed lands, but to satisfy the vengeance of the slave-holders against a man who had interfered with their plans, and to remove any future obstacle to the success of those plans. Since then we have an official confirmation of this view of the subject. Mr. Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, has been home to Mississippi, the State from which he was taken (while plotting the separation of the States) and placed in the Cabinet, and has been defending the Administration there. He tells them that the appointment of Reeder was a mistake, which is to be speedily corrected. The letter which gives this account of his remarks is a very instructive one. It is written by Hon. A. G. Brown, one of the Mississippi Senators, a friend of the administration. Mr. Brown is writing to the Jackson (Miss.) *Mercury*, and after some preliminary remarks, he says:

"It is well known that I have not approved all the acts of the Administration at Washington, and it may be thought by you and others that the resolution of the Convention endorsing the Administration, was an 'indirect rap' at me. I do not so consider it. By a general approval, the Convention did not, as I apprehend, mean to endorse every act that has been done. The appointment of Reeder, as Governor of Kansas, was an act of the Administration done in the execution of its policy on the slavery question.

"No one supposes that the Convention meant to endorse that act or the policy in which it has resulted. It would be ridiculous to say so, after *the speech of Secretary Davis, in which he admitted the appointment of Reeder to have been a mistake, and intimated clearly that it would be speedily corrected by the appointment of his successor.* The Convention gave emphatic testimony that it thought Reeder's an appointment not fit to have been made, by loudly applauding the Secretary's intimation that he would be speedily removed.

"I introduce this case of Reeder's, not certainly to make it a ground of complaint against the President, but *as a proof that the President may err, that he has erred in this case*, that the Convention thought so, therefore that is a *non sequitur* to say that a general endorsement of the administration implies a censure upon all who dissent from it on insulated points.

"*The appointment of a Governor of Kansas is an act of vast consequence to the South. It suggests to us at once the restoration of the equilibrium between the North and South*, lost in the admission of California—*the extension of southern area and southern institutions*—a return to the Constitution and to its faithful administration, &c., &c.

"These are considerations that elevate the appointment far above the petty considerations that usually surround such acts. *If the President made a mistake in appointing to this post a man of strong Free Soil proclivities, we have the assurance of his secretary that he will speedily set the matter right.* When he has acted from good motives, and no great harm has been done, there can be no just ground of censure. *If the President will remove Reeder, I will very freely forget his appointment.* If he never corrects some other errors, I hope we may all find enough in his Administration that is good to entitle him to the gratitude and applause of his countrymen.

"Very truly, your obedient servant, A. G. BROWN."

We do not discover in Senator Brown's letter, or in his report of what Secretary Davis said, or in the reported reasons why the Mississippi people are dissatisfied with Reeder, any allusion to speculations in half-breed lands. The virtuous souls which beat in the bosoms of Davis, Brown, and the repudiators and blacklegs whom they address, are not disquieted by the injuries which Reeder has committed against common honesty and the half-breed Indians. Not at all. These men do not pretend to any strictness of principle on such a subject. If Reeder had not interfered with their plans he might have stolen half-a-dozen counties, and they would never have wagged their tongues against him. The virtuous men in the Cabinet, it seems, come from the North. It is *Marcy* who goes against plundering the Indians! It is *Cushing* who is determined to stay the tide of profligacy among the public servants! Or it is, perhaps, that member of the Kitchen Cabinet who proposed to have an actor made drunk, and then to draw from him a boasting confession of improper intimacy with the wife of Edwin Forrest, to be used in the divorce case, and who is reported to have become tolerably rich at Washington by

——"The thrift that follows *Fornicyng*"

—it is this person, perhaps, who found himself unable to sleep o' nights after the discovery of Reeder's designs upon the lands of the half-breeds!

Clearly and indubitably, the talk of the President and of Marcy and Cushing, is all pretence, a fraud, a cheat, a lie. If anybody doubted this at the beginning, the evidence now produced is conclusive. They belong to that class of men described by John Quincy Adams in a letter, recently, for the first time printed, men who "never put forth an honest principle but for a dishonest purpose;" men who "never appeal to a useful truth, but with the intent to sustain a pernicious lie."

One false statement in Brown's letter deserves a brief contradiction, and that is, that Reeder is "a man of strong Free Soil proclivities." Reeder makes no profession or attachment to Free Soil principles. He was an original Nebraska man, and openly and always avowed his willingness to see slavery established in Kansas, if it could be done by the free will of the people of Kansas. It was the act of the Missourians in forcing the institution upon Kansas that he objected to, and that alone.

And this brings us again to consider the purpose of the slaveholders in passing the Nebraska bill. Senator Brown avows it in very plain terms. It was to effect "the extension of Southern area and Southern institutions." Anti-Slavery men, to be sure, never doubted this, but the Administration papers in this region have tried very assiduously to disguise it under cloaks of various colours. Brown admits it; and he admits further, that not only was the bill passed for this purpose, but the policy of extending slavery is to be looked to in the appointments under the act. The influx of Northern emigrants into the Territory endangered the success of the scheme contemplated in the bill; and it became, therefore, necessary to organize an invasion from Missouri—to institute a civil war in fact—for the purpose of perfecting the arrangement. Against this Reeder protested; he made the Northern people officially acquainted with the facts of the case, and in order that the purpose of the Nebraska bill may not wholly fail, the President promises Secretary Davis, and the Secretary promises the people of Mississippi that he (the President) will "*speedily set the matter right!*" And Marcy and Cushing are forthwith set at work to invent or discover some false pretence under which the President may commit this assault upon Liberty at the bidding of the Slave Power!

KIDNAPPING A WHITE GIRL.

From the Philadelphia Ledger, July 9.

On Friday last, at an early hour in the morning, a white girl, fourteen years of age, the daughter of Mr. Samuel Godshall, residing within three miles of Downingtown, Chester County, was carried away by two men, in close carriage, a distance of twelve miles from her home, towards the Maryland line. The girl had been with a neighbour, for the past two or three weeks, taking care of a sick child, and, on the morning of Friday, while going along the road to drive a cow from the pasture field, she was accosted by two strange men, very genteelly dressed, who were standing near a carriage, attached to which were two horses.

They asked her name, and where she lived, to which inquiries she gave answers without hesitation, supposing that they were friends or acquaintances of a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood. Without any further conversation, one of them opened a tin box, and took therefrom what appeared to be a pitch plaster, which he instantly clapped over her mouth, when both of them dragged her into the carriage and drove off.

They passed, by an indirect route from the place, through Coatesville, some three miles beyond the latter place, and about twelve miles from her home. Here they let her out upon the road, in a secluded and wooded portion of the country, threatening to kill her if she made any alarm, when they drove away as fast as they could.

The poor girl, faint and sick from mental excitement and terror, scarcely knew where she was or what to do, when she was met by two coloured persons, who assisted her in taking the plaster from her mouth, and advised her as to her course homeward. The girl succeeded in getting to her home a little before sunset, having been all day absent. She states that the fellows offered her no insult or personal violence, except that occasionally, when her sobs and efforts to cry prevailed, they threatened to knock her brains out with the whip.

The solution to this outrage is that the men mistook her for a mulatto, and designed taking her into the State of Maryland. Ascertaining, however, while on the route, that they had made prisoner of a sun-burnt white girl, they concluded to make the best of an error by giving her leave to find her way home, and they to get out of Chester County as quickly as possible.

CURIOUS SLAVE CASE.

A YELLOW GIRL ARRESTED WITH FORGED FREEDOM PAPERS.

From The St. Louis Democrat, June 29.

An interesting trial was opened yesterday afternoon, at Justice Allen's Court, in Vine street. Robert Bartlett, negro-trader, 56 Oliver street, accused Thomas Matthews, a well known and highly respected citizen, of having given his slave-girl, Fanny Watkins, forged free papers for herself and her sister Susan.

Bartlett informed us that he purchased Fanny (who is a girl of sixteen years of age) from the man O'Blennis, who is at present in prison awaiting his trial for the crime of murder. It is stated that she is nearly white. Bartlett said to us, "she is the best looking girl in St. Louis. I have been offered $1,200 again and again for her, but I would not let her go at that."

Mr. Matthews pleaded not guilty. J. L. Gillespie, Esq., appeared for the defence.

The first witness called was John W. Frakes, one of the police officers who arrested him. He said that at about three o'clock, yesterday afternoon, he saw Fanny going down Main street. He accosted her and asked her where she was going? "To see a gentleman," she said. He questioned her further, and, at length, although unwillingly on her part, ascertained that she was going to Mr. Matthews's store, which is situated on Main street, between Market and Walnut.

He advised her not to go, and said that Mr. Matthews would "get her into a scrape" yet. "How?" she asked. "Why," said the policeman, "I've got wind of that man; he'll try to get you to run off, and if you try that you'll get a good whipping and be sold down South." She answered that there was no fear of that, and left him. He and a "star" called Shimmer, then went down to the police office, and after sitting there about three-fourths of an hour, returned to where they had met her before. They met her again going in the same direction.

Frakes said he thought he would watch her; turned down an alley; and, entering an adjoining yard, placed himself in a position from which he could see every one and everything in Mr. Matthews's store. Shimmer, on the contrary, followed them and stood near the store door, so as to see everything that passed within. The girl Fanny, and her sister or companion, Frakes affirmed, entered the store, and after some conversation with Mr. Matthews, he saw that gentleman write on a sheet of paper and give it to Fanny.

He gave a card, also, to one of the girls; he could n't swear to which of them. The girls left; he ran round and met them; called for Shimmer's assistance; and proceeded to search Fanny. She made some resistance, he said, but he finally got the paper out of her hand. It was crumpled up, just as she had held it in her hand. This is a copy of it:

"Know ye, that I, Jacob S. Knight, of St. Louis, State of Missouri, in consideration of the kind and humane feeling, and the further consideration of valuable services rendered me by Fanny and Susan Watkins, girls of colour and slaves, have hereby emancipated and set said girls free for life.

"The said Fanny and Susan Watkins (now slaves) are from this date forever made free from all further servitude as slaves, from me, my heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, forever and henceforth be regarded by each and every person or persons whomsoever.

"Given under my hand this the 1st day of June, 1855.

"JACOB MCKNIGHT.

"Witness: Caleb Johnston."

This paper, as persons acquainted with Mr. Matthews's hand declare, bears no resemblance whatever to his style of penmanship.

On cross-examination, the witness acted very rudely. He was standing within a yard of Mr. Gillespie, yet he repeatedly, and whenever a strong question was asked, exclaimed, "Sir?" and pretended not to hear it; although he appeared to have no difficulty in hearing Justice Allen, who spoke less distinctly, in a lower toue of voice, and from four times the distance.

Frakes said he had been told by Bartlett, some days before, to keep a watch on Matthews, whom he suspected to be an Abolitionist. Before the girl Fanny went down to the store, he and his fellow "star," Shimmer, searched her in Bartlett's office, and found no papers on her. When she came out, on the contrary, the alleged forged pass, produced in Court, was found on her.

Bartlett told us that the girl Fanny had frequently said to him that Mr. Matthews was trying to induce her to run away. "At first," he said, "I did n't pay any attention to her; I would n't listen to her; but she came day after day and said the same thing; and I suspected him at last." He represented to us that Fanny was searched before she left his office, and that nothing was found upon her. He said that he believed that this was not the first time Mr. Matthews had been "playing the same game"; he believed he had given free papers to two slaves of his, Sam and Matt, who had escaped within the last six weeks—Matt only ten days ago.

The examination of this witness closed the session of yesterday afternoon. Mr. Matthews was asked if he could give bail in the sum of $1,000. Two gentlemen instantly offered themselves—Daniel Williamson, Esq., was accepted.

Mr. Matthews and his security are well known and universally esteemed citizens. Mr. Matthews has been extensively engaged in business in St. Louis for upwards of eighteen years.

Thus far no evidence has been produced to criminate the gentleman accused. If the girl conspired to entrap Mr. Matthews—supposing him to be guilty of the charge—what motive was it that induced her to resist Frakes when he asked her for the alleged free pass? If Frakes searched the girl, as he alleges, before she went out of Bartlett's office, what induced him to advise her not to go to the store when he met her in the street?

Again, how could Frakes swear to the identity of the paper taken from her, when he must have lost sight of her in coming from the rear of the store to arrest her, after he says he saw Mr. Matthews give a paper to her. He acknowledged that he did not search the girl Susan; how, therefore, did he know that she had not passed the forged papers to Fanny?

The points alone will prevent a verdict being rendered against Mr. Matthews, by the wise maxim of the law which says that every doubtful circumstance shall be construed in favour of the person accused. The identification of the writing alone would clear him if the other points failed.

But the strongest and most damning evidence in favour of Mr. Matthews against his accusers, is yet to be told. Mr. Williamson stated to us, and is ready to give us his affidavit, that the witness Frakes, in his presence, offered to tear up the alleged forged pass if Mr. Matthews would give him $1,000.

OUTRAGE ON GOV. REEDER.

Correspondence of The Journal of Commerce.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Thursday, June 28.

The country is again thrown into a state of intense excitement by the attempted perpetration of an outrage on the person of Gov. Reeder, at his quarters, at Shawnee Mission, about nine miles from this place. The facts, as I am able to give them, are undoubtedly reliable. It appears that the Governor was sitting alone in his office, his Secretary, Mr. Lowrey, being sick and confined to his room at the time, when the well-known Gen. Stringfellow entered. He was courteously received, and after a general preliminary conversation, in which he dilated on the influence and control he would have over the present Legislature, and the great excitement existing in Missouri against Gov. Reeder, he made two propositions to the Governor—one being that the Governor should sanction any bill that should be passed to punish the tampering with slaves in the Territory, or the uttering of abolition sentiments, and the other that he recommend in his Message that the Legislature adjourn to Shawnee Mission, on the border of Missouri. The Governor replied that, although in favour of a Free State, he was willing and thought it quite proper that temporary protection be given to slave property in the Territory, until the question be properly decided: but that he could not promise to sanction a bill he had never seen, and much less could he agree to a bill making the penalty for minor offences death, as he had heard proposed, and that he would not officially recommend the Legislature to adjourn to Shawnee Mission. At this the General became much excited, and endeavoured to get up a quarrel upon the words "border ruffians," reported to have been used by Gov. R. He was told that the use of such language had been disavowed, and that as early as possible. He then desired to know if Gov. R. had represented Kansas as being conquered and subjugated by the citizens of Missouri; to which the Governor replied that he had. Stringfellow then inquired further, if the Governor had intended to charge him with any unlawful or dishonourable act; to which the Goverpor replied that, he believed and had said that Gen. S. was mainly instrumental in creating the excitement in Missouri which had produced the present state of things; and in answer to another question by Stringfellow, said that, he considered such a course of conduct as unlawful and dishonourable.

By this time, the excitement of Stringfellow became very great, so much so as to attract several persons standing in front of the door, and he on the spot gave the Governor a verbal challenge which was immediately declined, the Governor saying that he was no subscriber to the dueling code. At this time the Governor was carelessly sitting with his chair balanced upon the two hind legs. Stringfellow advanced, and, by putting his hand upon his shoulder, pushed him over, at the same time falling upon him and scratching him deeply in the cheek with his nails. The Governor kicked him off and rose to his feet, both gentlemen drawing their pistols, when Stringfellow was seized by Attorney-General Isaacks and Mr. Halderman, when the Governor dropped the muzzle of his weapon, saying, that he scorned to attack a man who was prevented from defending himself. By the interference of the two gentlemen the matter was calmed down and Stringfellow left.

To yourselves and your readers I leave all comment on this most unparralleled outrage, merely stating further that Stringfellow, who thus begins by attempting to intimidate the Governor of Kansas Territory, and, failing in that, personally assaults him, is a resident of Weston, Mo., and makes no pretense of living in the Territory. It is generally believed that the Missourians have discovered that they will be unable to manage two-thirds of the Legislature and thus avoid the Governor's veto; and, therefore, the conduct of their acknowledged leader. During the late affair, the Governor had twice a good opportunity to shoot Stringfellow, and the friends of order and his friends are very thankful that he refrained; for had any injury, even the slightest, occurred to Stringfellow, in two hours a crowd would have been raised on the border against which resistance would have been useless, and no one can imagine what would have been the ultimate consequence.

Respectfully yours,

TRAVELLER.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1855.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

The New York Anti-Slavery Society will, as usual, celebrate the approaching ANNIVERSARY of WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION, on WEDNESDAY, August 1st, by a Pic-Nic Excursion (via the Long Island Railroad) to MORRIS'S GROVE, in JAMAICA.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON has consented to speak on the occasion. Further particulars hereafter.

THE NORTHERN PARTY.

And are we to have a Northern Party at last? It really looks as if we might. We Abolitionists have been for years prophesying of the necessity of this new birth of Time; but it promises to come rather sooner than we looked for it. Only, it is likely that this is not the one that is to come; but only the messenger before its face, to prepare its way. We have always known, and not only known but said (as a reference to the Anti-Slavery Annual Reports for ten years past will show), that it was a necessity of Nature that the incongruous elements mixed up in our National parties must separate themselves by the natural affinities of political chemistry and be gathered into new forms. Mixed, indeed, they can hardly be said to have been. Shaken together they have often been by the empirics that have striven to make their private gain out of the general disease, but the juxtaposition of the particles has been merely mechanical. There has never been a real fusion or interpenetration of them. These warring elements could only be held in solution by force of the mighty solvents of great personal interests. As soon as men's interests ceased to act, or their passions to get the upper hand of them, then the precipitation began to take place, which we hope will go on until the hostile parts shall be forever separated. When any considerable number of men really feel their responsibilities in the matter of Slavery—the only real thing that divides the country—when they see where their interests really lie and their passions are aroused by feeling how they have been cheated and bullied for nothing; then all the catch-words and cant-phrases which are used as cement to hold them together will be as impotent as cobwebs to hold lions. The reason why the South has always lorded it over the North is that she has persuaded her great stupid sister that it was essential to her livelihood, not to say her existence, that it should be so. Let the North ever find out that these are mere false pretences under which she has been robbed, that the support and protection all proceed from her to the Goneril that has possessed herself of her portion and spits in her face for her pains, and that true self-interest as well as true self-respect demand a separation of forces, and we shall see it taking place fast enough.

Now the North has been slowly finding out, thanks partly to the iteration of the Abolitionists and partly to the insensate insolence of the Slaveholders, that she has a substantial existence and that the South lives only by her permission. She has suffered the wool to be pulled over her eyes by the threateners of Disunion, because she had allowed herself to be deluded into the belief that her property was owing to the Union, instead of the existence of the Union being owing to her property. She has believed or pretended to believe, what the Websters and the Casses, the political tricksters and gamesters, have told her of the Paramount Importance of the Union and of the Duty of Conquering all Prejudices and sacrificing everything she should hold dear, to induce men who would perish without it to hold on to it. She would not see that it was all a pretext and a sham to buy Slaveholding votes for themselves at the price of her honour and prosperity. The treachery of the Slaveholders to the poor dupes of their lying promises helped to open her dull eyes and the fierce and brutal outrages they have persisted in heaping upon her have done yet more towards giving her understanding. What we want now is a successful, or at least a hopeful, effort to get the control of the National Affairs without their assistance. Hitherto, the politicians of the South have made their capital out of their wordy promises to those of the North. It has been assumed by both parties that Southern Aid was essential to Whig or Democratic success. And so both parties have bid against each other for slaveholding help, the price being the blood of the Slave and the honour of the North. We rejoice that there is like to be made an attempt to try whether this be a necessity or no—whether a President may not be made by Northern votes alone—whether political success must needs be bought by servility to the meanest of all tyrants—whether the Olympian Race for the Presidency can be anything other than an eager rivalship in negro-hunting. We are not sanguine of the success of the attempt, but we rejoice that it is likely to be made.

It is a singular principle that has always made the many the thralls of the few—the strong the obedient vassals of the weak. Why do the hundreds of millions of Russia submit first to their lords and finally to the Czar? Why do thirty-two millions of Frenchmen suffer an impudent adventurer like Louis Bonaparte to drive and shear and butcher them like sheep? Why do the slaves on a Louisiana plantation permit one overseer with a cart-whip to make a thousand strong men afraid? Why is it (stranger than all) that twenty millions of free white men in the United States allow a couple of hundred thousand slave-masters to hold them in the hollow of their hands and do with them what they will? It must be a natural principle, or it would not be so universal. Perhaps it is the principle of Order, which is in due time to put all things right, which has been perverted and misused for these vile purposes. The possession of power, and the leisure which is its attendant, teaches the governing party cunning and fraud. They learn to gloze over their real designs with holy words and fair pretences—to throw the sanctity of religion about their tyranny and to make their victims believe that it is through their grace that they live and move and have their being. They are ever the enemies of light and endeavour to make men believe that darkness is the natural condition of mankind. This general rule of tyranny has found no exception in the Oligarchy which has set itself up—or rather, which we have set up ourselves—to rule over us. Knowing their own weakness, they have persuaded us that they are essential to our safety and advancement. Dreading nothing so much as a withdrawal of our protection, they have made us believe that their countenance is all that keeps our souls in our bodies. Working on our selfishness, our avarice, our love of ease, our cowardice, they have erected themselves into an Absolute Power, and they have acted as such for their own purposes for near sixty years. Perhaps they have been tempted in the flush of their prescriptive victories, to go a step too far and passed beyond even the endurance of their long-enduring serfs. Perhaps they have had the unwisdom to forget that there is a point at which even their black slaves will turn upon them, and think that there is no insult or injury that can rouse the indignant resistance of their white ones.

"Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame;
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare."

Now, we hope that this point may have been reached and that the standard of rebellion against the Slave Power is to be raised at last, by a party formidable by its numbers. We hope to see it, and whatever help may flow to it from our persistent agitation of the rights of the Slaves, it is welcome to. But will not the Abolitionists at length direct their energies in a practical direction and join themselves to a party which is arrayed against the Slave Power? Nay, verily. Our warfare is with Slavery and not with the Slave Power. It is the wrongs of the Slave and not those we suffer because of them that holds us together. We rejoice to see men coming out of parties that exist only by submission to the Slave Power and forming a new one, the vital element of which is to be hostility and resistance to it. But the new Party professes to be content to leave the Slave where he is, provided they can be saved from the farther encroachments of his master. We are glad to find that even this scintillation of spirit has been struck out of the stone of the Northern heart. We hope and believe that it will yet kindle a conflagration in the land that will consume Slavery from off the face thereof. But we must not suffer it to devour us up first. Our steadfastness and fidelity is that will give it that righteous direction, if aught can. When the new Party shall have prevailed, and Slavery shall have been confined within its ancient limits, and the Missouri Compromise restored, is the work of Anti-Slavery finished? Is it even begun? The new Party is as loud as any in its protestations of loyalty to the Union and the Constitution. And that means, we all know, catching slaves in the way we think the Fathers meant it should be done, and leaving Slavery alone if it will let us alone. Now, this, though better than letting Slavery have its own way in everything, is very far from what duty demands of the Abolitionist. He goes for no Union and no Constitution that comforts or protects Slavery, or which provides for the recapture of escaping Slaves. He hates Slavery in the States as much as in the Territories, and is enlisted in a life-long warfare with it, wherever it may be. We will watch the new Party with the eyes of the Slave, and we will treat it as we have done all others—rejoice in its Anti-Slavery virtue where it shows it, and denounce its pro-slavery backslidings and collusions when it is betrayed into any such.

We are chiefly glad of the prospect of the new Northern Party, not so much for what it professes to intend, as for what we believe it cannot help doing. We think it must build better than it knows. A warfare with Slaveholders cannot be confined within geographical limits. Slavery knows no geography. It must be Lord Paramount and that everywhere. Any conflict with it, however carefully conducted and guarded, must be a vital one. Indeed, the Slaveholders have felt ever since Garrison first uttered the words Immediate Emancipation, that it was the beginning of a battle for life or death, and they have conducted it ever since as if it were one. And the slaveholders were right. Slavery can only live while its right to live is undisputed. The first denial of its rightful existence was its death warrant—which, though after many rescues and many reprieves, will be sure to be [illegible] wherever we see in any open conflict with Slavery, in any issue, one that must end in a death-grapple. When it comes to that death-grapple, it will be time enough for the Abolitionists to step in and help. Until then, they are better employed in urging on the combatants and keeping the field clear from the smoke and dust of political and religious casuistry. They may not put themselves in any position which can be construed into an alliance with Slavery. And all Parties, professing allegiance to the Constitution, are in such an alliance, disclaim it as they may. When this new Party, or any other, disembarasses itself of this profession, and makes the Abolition of Slavery, or (what is its equivalent term) the Dissolution of the Union, its open object, Constitution or no Constitution, then it can with a good grace ask the Abolitionists for help.

SAFE AT LAST.

There are many readers of the Standard, in this city, in Providence, in Boston and its vicinity, who will remember being called upon some three or four years ago, by a coloured woman, known by the name of Eliza Emery, who begged for aid to enable her to purchase a daughter, then held as a slave. Eliza was herself once a slave, and had been the mother of seven children—and, indeed, may have been then for aught she knew to the contrary; for all but two of them had been taken away from her by a cruel master and sold; and whether they were alive or dead, she knew not, for no tidings of them ever again came to her longing ears. One son she knew was living, and one daughter; and it was that her eyes might be blessed once more with the sight of this daughter, and her desolate old age cheered by the presence of one of her children, that she, a feeble, almost friendless woman, undertook, at the time we speak of, to raise a sum sufficient for her purchase.

The sum to be raised was a large one—six or seven hundred dollars if our memory serve us. But Eliza was indefatigable. It was winter when she began, but neither weather, which she was not accustomed to have, nor the difficulties of travelling, which were altogether new to her, nor, harder yet to bear, averted and unsympathizing faces, and cold, hard words, discouraged her, or made her look backward, for one moment, from the labour of love she had undertaken. From city to city, from town to town, from door to door, she begged of pitying Christians in this Christian land, for many weary months, as many, indeed, had done before her, and many have done since, for the means wherewith to purchase her own child. At length she succeeded. Her sad face, on which her many griefs had left that touching and appealing look which sorrow well-borne sometimes gives, and her sadder but simple story, told so briefly, but in tones which it was hard to resist, were sure to command ready sympathy with many persons. Indeed, her task would have seemed a hopeless one, and one which we could never have advised, or aided her to undertake, had we not seen, and thought that others would as certainly see, in the very tone of her voice, and in her habitual bearing, that this was a mother weeping for her children, and who would not be comforted because they were not. But the cloud lifted visibly from that face when it was told her that the requisite sum was gained; and when, a few weeks later, she stood before us with her daughter by the hand, a halo of sunshine almost seemed to illuminate the exultant woman and the mother no longer childless. The good Lord, she said, had not forgotten her, and great peace and happiness were to come even to her desolation in the evening of her days.

Eliza's master was a hard master, not only as a slaveholder, but by nature. She was herself a fugitive. By his permission, she had laboured, in her native State, at wages, paying, as is customary, a weekly stipend to him, for that privilege, and as the master's due; and paying also, beyond that sum, all her earnings, except a mere pittance for her own scanty subsistence, on a verbal agreement that when a certain sum should be reached she should be free. That sum, at length, was reached, and she asked for free papers. They were refused her. She had no evidence, the master said, of any such bargain, and he should not abide by it. And then she fled from him.

She left behind her, in her native place, one fast friend, to whom alone was known the secret of her place of refuge and her assumed name. Through this friend was negotiated the purchase of the daughter, the master never knowing that it was the mother who bought her, begging her price painfully from door to door. Perhaps, however, he suspected some such agency, and through the daughter was led to the knowledge, or, at least, to the suspicion, of where his fugitive slave could be found. At any rate, a few months since, we received a message to warn Emily that her master would probably soon visit the North, and she had better hold herself in readiness to escape in case it should appear that the visit threatened her safety. The cloud settled again over the face of the hunted woman, as she thought of another flight, and the seeking elsewhere, and in a strange and colder land, another home. But for the present, however, it seemed only necessary that she should keep, as much as possible, within doors, and, when necessity called her into the street, that her wary eyes should be looking always for the slave-hunter. She did so, and months passed away without result as regarded her safety, but not, perhaps, without an influence on her health. We do not know that such was the fact, but there seems good reason for supposing that this new anxiety for her own safety, this new dread added to the old sorrow, only partially relieved, undermined the strength which had borne up under so many burdens.

A few weeks since, another message—a verbal one by a safe hand—reached us to warn Eliza to fly. Her master was known to have threatened her capture, and there was too much reason to suppose the threat was in earnest and would be put into execution. She was sent for, and the reply was that she was ill. Two days later, the news came that she was dead.

Perhaps, among those who were donors to the purchase-fund of Eliza's daughter, there are some who have wondered why we never stated whether she, who excited, we know, so warm an interest among most of those who saw her, was successful in the cherished aim of her life. They will understand now that, for her own safety, her case was one which it was best not to mention in a public print. But no harm can come of it now. She is safe at last.

Littell's Living Age—*Contents of No.* 581.—Constance Herbert; Food and its Adulterations; Ninette Pompon; Arctic Search Expedition; The Kaffir Commando; History of a Straw Bonnet; Passing Faces; A New Way to Peace; The Times on Germany. *Poetry:* Any One's Austria; To a Step Child; A Bird at Sunset; Invita Minerva; Of Myself; Imperial Souvenir; Subject for a Painting. *Short Articles:* To Preserve a Bouquet; St. Medard's Bees; Talented; Devotion of Bees; Hydropathy of Old; Covetous Peasant; While and Wile. New York: Littell, Son & Co., 343 Broadway.

ADMISSION OF NEW STATES—CONGRESSIONAL TESTS.

The only part of the Constitution in which this subject is mentioned, is section 3, of article 4. It says: "New States may be admitted by Congress into the Union." The rest of the section relates entirely to *territorial* limits. With this exception, there is *no* test for admitting or rejecting. Why so? The conventionists were eminently wise men, and, if they had deemed a *test* at all necessary, it would have been attached. But they attached none—supposing, that Congress would naturally feel inclined to erect our Territories into States, as soon as they were qualified, and admit them into the Union—provided there were no particular objection to doing so. Subsequent events have proved the accuracy of their forecast—for, besides admitting all our own Territories that have applied, we have admitted Texas into the Union, a thing never contemplated when the Constitution was made.

The Constitution, then, leaves the members of Congress prefectly free on this matter, to decide for themselves, upon their own views of duty, whatever they may be, as each case is submitted to them. Some are very differently affected from others by the same arguments—that appearing to one as very important, not appearing so to another. So, at least, admission or rejection must depend—like everything else on which a majority of Congress decides—on the justice of the reasons, *for* or *against*, and of the ability of the parties to enforce them.

Another reason that, we have no doubt, operated on the conventionists—for it was a very strong one—inducing them to prescribe *no* test in the Constitution. Tests are *invariable* and equivalent to a constitutional provision. We do not say that a test is good in any country. But it is certainly not so bad in such as are stationary, or making but small advances in all sorts of improvement, as it would be with us. Here, things must be subject to variation. They ought to be, or we will feel ourselves much cramped. What may be good for the country at one time too, may be the worst thing for it at another. Then, slavery, never good for us, it is true, but it has, at last, become so furious and intractable that, unless we put it [illegible] the great majority of our people will be sadly disappointed in their aim.

One of the "Compromise" measures of September, '50, speaking of the Territory relinquished to Texas, says, "When admitted as a State, the said Territory or any part of the same, shall be received into the Union, with or without slavery as the Constitution may prescribe at the time of its admission."

As we take it to be clear that there is no pledge or test in the Constitution—other than the territorial one, already mentioned—we take it to be equally clear that Congress cannot *add* one to that instrument. Any pledge or test—we care not on what subject—alters the Constitution, abrogates *really*, or makes a mere nose of wax of the very charter, under which alone Congress is empowered to act. If the conventionists left it out for the cause we have ascribed to them—or if the omission resulted from pure forgetfulness, it matters not. The simple question here is—does the Constitution contain any pledge. or test, about the admission of States, with or without slavery?

If these remarks be true, the Compromise measures, so far as the future admission of Texan Territory is concerned, are unconstitutional, invalid, worth nothing. It cannot, and it ought not, and, we trust, it will not be considered as in any way binding on any member of Congress, whenever application is made by the Territory in question. Indeed, if the test be contrary to the Constitution, members of Congress are bound to oppose admission, if they think slavery is a sufficient ground—for they are sworn to support the Constitution.

To show in a still stronger light the wise forecast of the framers of the Constitution in affixing no test to the admission or rejection of States, let us see, for a moment, to what *ultimatum* the opposite course tends. No one, we suppose, will deny, that for the institutions of the individual States to be in harmony—or, at least, not inconsistent—with the General Government, makes our whole complicated governmental machine work smoother and better. An appropriate example of this is at hand in slavery. The General Government, by the universal contraction, cannot establish it. "No more," it has been nobly said, "*can it make a slave than a king.*" Individual States, the General Government says, *can*. Now, as much harmony is not to be expected, nor is as much seen, between the General Government—allowing her to maintain her profession on this subject—and those States that have slavery, as between her and those that do not have it. The General Government swerved by *party* considerations from her direct course in favour of freedom, and in the natural desire, already mentioned, to admit *applying* States into the Union, finds herself pressed into very close quarters. To get out of them, she has adopted a device which, whilst it does not at all relieve her from the stigma of being a *slave*-holding Government, shows such wonderful verdancy in endeavouring to impose the unbelievable trumpery on other nations as to make herself absolutely ridiculous. She says, that although she will not be the *owner* of slaves, as the Autocrat of Russia is, yet she will stretch over those that are the owners, and the State which authorizes them to be such, the nation's power; that she will go to war for any injury done to them, through their slaves, as readily as for wrong done to any property; and, that she will enlist in her armies to prosecute it citizens of other States, where men are not held as property, but where they are looked on as human beings, and incapable of being made property. In all this—imitating the silly ostrich, which believes all is safe, when it cannot *see* the danger—seeming to think, we say, that she does n't do all she can do, to establish and strengthen slavery within the jurisdiction of every State, whose Constitution provides for it, and that she receives into union with her.

Admitting that an obligatory test or pledge can be imposed by the majority on the minority, directing the action of the latter on some future measure—who does not see that their votes and course on that measure are completely in the hands of the majority, whenever it comes before the the Senate? If the same Senators and only them should be present when the ultimate measure is before them, will not the majority insist on the minority's acting agreeably to a resolution or law passed by the Senate—one on which *they* voted too? But why so? To do it—saying nothing of its laying the axe at the root of the independence of that body—would be unnecessarily, wantonly cruel, for the minority did all they could do to prevent the passage of the original measure; and the majority can pass the measure before them, by the same votes they used on the previous one. This, we cannot suppose, was intended. What, then, was? This: it was to be interpreted as a pledge, *for all time to come*, on behalf of those States whose Senators voted against the coercive measure, that any State made out of Texan Territory should be admitted, and that slavery in her Constitution should be no barrier to her admission—they, well-knowing that all the Senators from slave States would be in favour of her admission. To say, as the Compromise measures with regard to Texas do, that any applying State from her Territory shall be admitted *with or without slavery*, shows the estimation in which slavery is held at the South; that *there*, they give it no moral character whatever—putting it on an entire equality with freedom, the inartificial and natural state of all men.

But, supposing before the time, or at the time, of application for admission being made by any part of the Texan Territory, there should not be *one* who was a member of the Senate, and, of course, in no way bound by his vote, when the coercive enactment was passed—and supposing there should be a majority of the Senators in favour of rejecting any State whose custom or constitution authorized slavery—what is to be done? Must the enactment be considered still obligatory, or repealed, or disregarded? We trust that no man who has the mind that a Senator ought to have—especially in these times—will consider it as at all obligatory on him. Either of the other alternatives, we think, may be adopted. To those who differ with us, we would say, that such an *unconstitutional* enactment is, certainly, not more sacred than the *constitutional* Missouri Compromise ought to have been; and to their own conduct with regard to the repeal of that *compromise* we refer them.

But we do not see why, if a majority can impose a pledge on the minority as to their future action on a particular subject, they may not impose any other pledge, or any number of them in relation to antic

POLITICS.

The Democratic party of Louisiana has adopted the Georgia platform (the Union subordinate to slavery), and nominated a popular ticket. The rejection of the Catholic Know-Nothing delegation at Philadelphia will, it is believed, give the Democrats an easy victory in Louisiana.

——Sagacious men now think that Atchison will be reelected to the United States Senate by the next Legislature of Missouri. His bold villany in the Kansas matter has concentrated in his behalf the whole strength of the slavery interest.

——The Philadelphia *North American* intimates that a movement is on foot to reorganize the Whig party in Pennsylvania. The movement, we presume, proceeds from the hunker portion of the party, who hope thus to defeat the project for a fusion of all the opponents of the Nebraska fraud upon a common platform.

——It seems pretty well settled that the Hards and Softs of this State cannot be united on the same ticket at the next election. Whether the various wings of the anti-Nebraska force will have any better luck is yet problematical. The Seward Whigs are exceedingly reluctant to forego their party arrangements and fuse on equal terms with the anti-slavery Barnburners. In this they exhibit the fatuity of mere partizanship; grasping selfishly for every thing, they are likely to lose all.

——The Anti-Nebraska forces in Vermont are all "fused" on one platform. The present incumbents of State officers have been nominated for reelection. There is now no Whig organization in the State, and the journals heretofore of that party are all united in supporting the Republican ticket. The Democratic party in Vermont consists now only of the meanest sort of doughfaces, men who, for the sake of the few offices within the gift of the Administration, are willing to become the very lickspittles of the slaveholders—and a few honest but ignorant men who are the victims and tools of their unscrupulous leaders.

——The Know-Somethings of Massachusetts held a Convention at Springfield, on Tuesday. They endorsed the action of the late National Convention of the same party at Cleveland, and appointed a large Committee with power to unite with men of other parties in calling a Fusion Anti-Slavery Convention in September, for the nomination of a ticket for State officers. The Know-Nothing Council, it will be remembered, refused to sanction a movement of this kind, thereby defeating the plans of Senator Wilson and Governor Gardner.

——The *Tribune* reminds the country that California, under the leadership of men who are themselves led by the Southern Oligarchy, has hitherto refused or neglected to comply with the law which requires the States to be districted for the choice of Members of Congress; the delegation from that State having always been chosen by general ticket. This violation of the law inured to the advantage of the Slavery Propaganda, enabling them to control the entire vote of California in the House of Representatives. The *Tribune* intimates that the next House, which will differ very widely from its predecessors in political matters, may send the illegally chosen representatives to their homes and demand compliance on the part of the Legislature of that State with the law.

——The Democracy of Pennsylvania are beginning to waver in their support of the Slave Power—a pretty significant indication of the course of public opinion. At the State Convention, held recently at Harrisburgh, the party utterly refused to pass resolutions endorsing the Administration. A correspondent of the *Times* says:

"The delegates had n't much love for Nebraska, and many who had been its warmest advocates, declared that they were thoroughly disgusted with its operation and mortified at the conduct of the Administration in refusing to sustain Gov. Reeder. Among the delegates, I noticed a number of the most prominent and able Democrats of the State, who positively and openly refused to vote for any resolution endorsing the Nebraska bill. They said they had 'enough of *that* kind of doctrine.'"

Hendrick B. Wright, ex-member of Congress, offered resolutions of the most ultra pro-slavery sort, but the Committee refused to report them. He therefore reported them on his own hook. The writer above quoted gives the following report of the scene that ensued:

"In the evening the fun commenced in earnest. Wright read his resolutions to the Convention and made a speech an hour's length in their defence. Sam Black followed, speaking eloquently for an hour, in which he pitched into the Administration, charging it with the ruination of the Democratic party. He said it was the Nebraska bill, uncalled for as it was, that had defeated Gov. Bigler, who was made to shoulder Pierce's load—that it had overturned the President's own State—left Douglas at home and sent Abolition Senators from Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, &c. A vote was taken and Black was sustained by 89 Yeas, 19 Nays. Wright then undertook to force his resolutions through singly; the first one offered was a strong one, endorsing the Nebraska bill, which was rejected—95 to 14. This was considered a pretty hard dig at the Administration, and was generally regarded as a rebuke of a strong character. In another year, as things are progressing, it will require a larger body of Custom-House officials to pass even a Pierce resolution, than were in attendance here yesterday. The plain truth is, a great change has taken place in the views of the Pennsylvania Democracy. The best men in the party are becoming independent enough to consult their own consciences as to public measures, and will no longer suffer their State and party to be misrepresented by the present imbecile Administration. The whole delegation from Governor Reeder's District manfully voted No on Wright's resolutions—so did many of the delegates from Philadelphia, Lancaster, &c."

——The effort to bring the Know-Nothings of Pennsylvania on to the National Pro-Slavery Platform has signally failed. At the meeting of the State Council, a few days since, at Reading, on a motion to adopt that platform, there were 28 yeas (22 of them from Philadelphia), 153 nays. A moderately anti-slavery platform (in favour of the restoration of the Missouri restriction, and, if efforts to that end shall fail, of refusing to admit any more slave States to the Union) was then adopted, yeas 143, nays 53. Of the latter, 22 were from Alleghany, 1 from Beaver, Berks 1, Jefferson 2, Montgomery 2, Lawrence 1, Philadelphia 18, Susquehanna 2, Westmoreland 4. Ten of the Philadelphia and two of the Montgomery County delegation then withdrew. The seceders, after the adjournment of the regular Council, proceeded to organize a new State Council. The regular Council adopted the following resolution, which looks to a separate Northern American organization:

"Resolved, That a committee of thirteen be appointed to invite the cooperation of all the State Councils in the Confederacy who may be willing to concur in the principles and platform this day adopted by the State of Pennsylvania, as and for a national creed; and that a Convention be held at Cincinnati, on the 8th day of January next, to concert measures to secure the nomination, in the Convention called by the National Council, of candidates for President and Vice-President, who are willing to stand upon the platform this day established, and transact such other matters as may be deemed necessary to secure the success of the American party in the Union. The representation of each State in said Convention to be equal to the number of members such State is entitled to in the national Congress."

After the adoption of this resolution, the members from Alleghany, Schuylkill, Westmoreland, Beaver, Jefferson, Chester, Bradford, Somerset, Bucks and Susquehanna Counties, who had voted for the majority platform, declared their acquiescence and satisfaction with the action of the Convention. "Thus," the *New York Herald* despairingly says, "the new American party of Pennsylvania (excepting ten seceders out of some two hundred delegates) have gone over, 'hook and line, bob and sinker,' with General Wilson and his Massachusetts partisans, and with Colonel Ford, and his followers in Ohio, to the Seward Holy Anti-Slavery Alliance."

MUSIC.—We have received from Mr. Horace Waters, publisher, 333 Broadway, the following pieces of music, viz.:

America—a Cavatina: composed for and sung by Mrs. L. L. Deming; music by Thomas Baker.

Song for Mayor Wood: Words by Miss Dean; music by the Hutchinson Family. Sung by them at the great Temperance Demonstration at the Metropolitan Theatre, in May last. [Mayor Wood's conduct of late seems to call for a song of a very different kind from this.]

Right over Wrong: Song and Chorus. Words by Jesse and music by the Hutchinson Family. Often sung at their concerts.

Kind Words can never Die. A Ballad, composed by sister Abby and sung by the Hutchinson Family.

Mr. Waters does an extensive business and sells his publications on the most favourable terms.

PROCEEDINGS OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—We have been requested to state, for the information of many of our readers in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, that the Proceedings of the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, held in Chester County in May last, will soon be issued in pamphlet form. The delay in the publication has been caused by the inability of Theodore Parker (whose engagements have been very numerous and urgent) to prepare for the press the Discourses which will form a part of the pamphlet. The copy is now, however, all in the hands of the printer, and the work will be executed with all possible despatch.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

Correspondence of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

LAWRENCE, K. T., June 1, 1855.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Excuse my delay in giving you the returns of our last election in this District. The infirm condition of my physical nature and my numerous avocations have rendered it difficult for me to write sooner. As you have long ere this received these returns through the papers, it is unnecessary for me to repeat them. I would simply state that but little interest was manifested in the election by anybody, always excepting the three immortals who will knock in vain at the doors of the pro-slavery Legislature for admittance as the Lawrence representatives. The character of these representatives is about an average of that of Lawrence. Two of them are called lawyers, and one is a Swedenborgian preacher. They are far above the pro-slavery candidates in nearly every respect. One of them is a man of great genius—a poet, &c.—while his Missouri opponent is one of the commonest men in the country; and yet he will be thrust out of the Legislative hall by his ignorant opponent. Not a single Missourian vote was cast, and only about two-thirds of the Free State votes. Probably we could muster here 450 votes for a Free State.

The Legislature meets the 2d of July, at Pawnee, and it is supposed that the non-elected candidates will claim and receive their seats, and that the dignified body of Missouri squatters, learned, moral and refined, will immediately adjourn to Johnson's Methodist Mission, where they certainly will be "hail fellows, well met," with that imp of darkness.

To be plain upon this subject, there must be a conflict between this infamous Legislature and the people of Kansas. For one, I never will pay the least attention to any enactment passed by such a vagabond Legislature. Gov. Reeder refused to give many of them certificates, although he did it simply on account of illegality in the returns, and not because they were not lawfully elected. If he is a fifth part of a man, he will, of course, refuse to send a message to the self-constituted body, which will call a new election by the people for Governor. Of course, this will place us in juxtaposition to the United States Government, if we comply with the call. If we do not, there will be two Governors, one appointed by the United States and the other by her dictator, the "Sovereign Squatter" State of Missouri. Probably feeble Uncle Sam will yield to *Miss-Sour-Eye*, and, by her savage looks, as usual, be awed into silence. It is a difficult task for such a gouty old gentleman as Uncle Samuel, who has fed on the harlot's meat furnished by the South so long, to arise now and attempt to cast one of his Southern mistresses from him. They have shorn him of his locks, and he is hardly able to cope with their delicate diplomacy. I have but little idea that the North will do anything except go to church and form a few good resolutions. She will not act without immense spurring, and it is useless to expect it of her. Vice almost always conquers virtue, in this world of ours, unless the latter is bold and daring, like the former, which is not apt to be the case. But some allowance must be made for those Missourians who came here and voted. Said one of them to me, the other day, "I expended over $300 in coming to Kansas and voting; but if I had not believed that the Emigrant Aid Company had paid the expenses of men to come here and vote and then return, I would sooner have cut off my right hand than have gone to the Territory and voted." I think the course of the Emigrant Aid Company has been foolish in the extreme. Imagine the immortal American Fabius, in that trying winter, when intellect was obliged to inspire itself, in order to contrive ways and means to save the little band of Washington from destruction—imagine *that* General publishing to the world, in exciting language, all that he intended to do to the British foe! Or, what would have become of Napoleon if, as he commenced crossing the Danube on his bridge of boats, he had sent messengers to the Austrian camp, apprising his powerful enemy of his intentions? The Russians burned Moscow, rather than allow it to fall into the hands of the French. The Missourians sincerely believe that Kansas Territory is their back-yard, and a proposition to invade it by those whom they term "nigger-stealers" excites them fully as much as if an attempt should be made to settle Abolitionists in Missouri. Said a Missourian, the other day, "Why, of what value will our slaves be to us if the Territory becomes free?" This is what they dread. If they could be convinced that a Black law would be passed in the Territory, I think their opposition to freedom in Kansas would mainly cease. But, viewing it as they do, could they be other than excited when the Emigrant Aid Company sounded abroad its intention to people Kansas with their worst enemies? The Emigrant Aid Company has shown its imbecility in this as well as in all of its operations in the Territory. "Divide and conquer" is an old motto, but the sure effect of the boastings of the Emigrant Aid Company and the *New York Tribune* has been to *unite* all classes of our enemies. Said Gov. Walker to me, the other day, "I am a slaveholder, but I intended to emancipate my slaves, and to go for making Kansas a free State. As soon as I heard, however, of the zeal and efforts of the Emigrant Aid Company to foist upon us a flood of paupers, I became excited, and now am labouring on the other side." The Governor is ex-Governor of the Wyandot Indians, and, with a party, went up to the Big Blue and voted at the late election, although he acknowledged it was wrong.

Another thing is calculated to do much harm here. To be sure, I am a Non-Resistant, and, therefore, perhaps not an impartial judge; but I ask all candid men if they really suppose that 100 of Sharpe's rifles will save us from the enemy? Look at Missouri, with her half million of white inhabitants, to say nothing of Arkansas and Kentucky, and then at Kansas Territory, with its 8,000 or 10,000 population. What madness to talk of our using "revolvers and other weapons." The Leavenworth correspondent of the *New York Tribune* should don a straight-jacket instanter. If you love us, I say, *keep your revolvers away*, and, in their stead, send us *men* of *moral* courage—men who can stand unmoved in the presence of an armed gang of the enemy, without a deadly weapon upon their persons. Send us Christian heroes, not fighting cowards. We have enough of the latter class already. I am sick of this braggadocio—of this hatred to Missourians behind their backs, and then, when they appear in our midst, blaming an individual for his "imprudence" in appearing among them, with "a red memorandum book and pencil." Says E. D. Ladd, in a Milwaukee paper, the person first attacked by the mob on election day was "hot-headed and imprudent, and quite generally considered a monomaniac on the subject of Abolition." And all that he did was to converse with the Missourians, as if they were human beings, and not mad dogs, as the most of our people regard them. I do not like to be severe upon our people; but it does seem to me as if they have no courage except they have a good revolver in their hands. A military company has been formed to man the rifles, and military *tic-tacs*, as they are jokingly termed, are becoming quite a matter of study among our ambitious youth.

But my hope rests not upon the people of the Territory at present, nor upon increased emigration. Look at the facts. Not over 2,000 persons, all told, have been sent here by the various Emigrant Aid Companies in existence. Of that number, full 1,500 have returned; and of the remaining 500, not one-half came here with any other idea than to enrich themselves. Can the 250 left effectually resist the hordes of Missourians ready to rush in upon us, at the slightest real provocation? All that we can do is to refuse to obey the laws of this Missouri mob Legislature, and calmly suffer the consequences. Then, if our Governor has spunk enough, which I very much doubt, let him call a new election, and let the people's Legislature sit side by side with that of their usurpers, and let it be backed by the *troops* of the United States Then, Jackson's thunder will be needed, and his successor will have an opportunity to equal that old hero's fame.

The next and by far the most important and, indeed, almost the only thing that can be done effectually is for Congress to forbid the holding of slaves in Kansas. Our people are so self-confident that they are not yet ready to apply to Congress for this kind of help. But "it must come to this complexion at last." We are powerless, in the midst of a deadly foe, and our arm is too puny to wield the sword that shall repulse our enemy. We, therefore, call upon old Samuel, our uncle, and beseech him to appear in our behalf, and hew this great Agag in pieces, as did his venerable Scriptural namesake. Of course I mean spiritually, and not physically to decapitate our poor Missouri friends.

In my next communication, I shall endeavour to avoid politics, and give you a summary of items of a more general and, perhaps, of a more interesting character, unless I should visit Pawnee, and report the proceedings of the mock Legislature.

Yours for the slave, C. STEARNS.

P. S. Let me repeat, that increased emigration is not going to remedy this evil. "Popular sovereignty" is an immense humbug, as much so as the doctrine of equal rights when taught by our Democracy. In the name of the bleeding slave, I, as an Abolitionist of nearly twenty years' standing, earnestly call upon all humane men to reapply themselves to the old work of *revolutionizing public opinion* in the States, so that Congress may forbid human slavery in Kansas. Let not the *ignis fatuus* of an Emigrant Aid Company allure you any longer from the *tried* path of anti-slavery duty. Let not avaricious monopolists, under pretence of loving what everybody knows they have always hated—viz., freedom—seduce the anti-slavery people away from their post, and induce them to engage in the modern Quixotic enterprise, hatched by the rich Lawrences of Boston, and carried out by mere money-lovers here and at the East. You might just as well expect to boil a tea-kettle with the heat of snowballs as to hope to exclude slavery from Kansas by Eastern emigration. The more of it there is, the less hope for the slave.

C. S.

PERSONAL.

Col. Benton is to deliver an address at the Illinois Agricultural Fair, at Chicago, on the 28th September.

——Sallie Holley spoke on slavery at Leicester, on Sunday last, and to-morrow she will hold a meeting in Rutland, Massachusetts.

——Hon. Henry Wilson left Massachusetts, on Monday, to attend the great Anti-Nebraska State Convention, held at Indianapolis, Indiana, yesterday.

——Henry Ward Beecher is to deliver the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, at the approaching Commencement.

——Gerrit Smith delivered an address before the Literary Societies of the New York Central College, at McGrawville, on Wednesday last. Subject—the Maine Law.

——Hon. John P. Hale, in a speech at the State Temperance Convention, said that he had not tasted of ardent spirits or wine for the last *twenty* years.

——Martin Van Buren returned from Europe, with his invalid son, on Tuesday, in the steamer Pacific. He is said to be in fine health.

——Philip James Bailey, author of Festus, it is said by the Boston *Post*, will visit the United States next Autumn, to fulfil engagements to lecture before some of our Literary Societies.

——Rev. A. T. Foss will occupy for the next three Sundays the pulpit of the Independent Church at Cammington, Mass., spending the intervening days in lecturing in other towns in that vicinity on slavery.

——The venerable Dr. Jos. Addison Waddill, a son of the "Blind Preacher," whose eloquence was immortalized by Wirt in the "British Spy," died at Staunton, Virginia, a few days ago.

——Mary Grew, who has been in New England for some time past, attended the annual meeting of the Middlesex County Anti-Slavery Society, at Concord, Mass., on the 29th ult., on which occasion she made a very touching and effective speech.

——Mrs. Mary A. W. Johnson is in Maine, lecturing to large classes of women, upon Anatomy, Physiology and the Laws of Health.

——Charles Sumner was expected to attend the great political Fusion Convention at Columbus, Ohio, yesterday. If Mr. Chase shall be nominated for Governor, Mr. S. will assist in the canvass by speaking in several of the most prominent places in the State.

CANING A GOVERNOR.—Gov. Gardner, since his bad investment in Southern political stocks in refusing to remove Loring and vetoing the Personal Liberty bill, has been anxiously engaged in an effort to reinstate himself in the confidence of the anti-slavery Know-Nothings. At the very moment when his plans seemed to promise success, there comes to plague him a present of a gold-headed cane from some of his hunker friends in California, intended as a testimony of their appreciation of his firmness and independence in resisting the fanaticism of an anti-slavery Legislature. The Governor, under such circumstances, must feel as awkward as the man did who won an elephant in a raffle. It was very unkind in the Californians to thank the Governor for acts which he so much desires that the public should forgive and forget.

THE KANSAS QUESTION IN PROVIDENCE.—A large public meeting was held in Providence, not many days ago, to consider the recent outrages of the Atchison marauders in Kansas. The Governor of the State, Wm. M. Hoppin, presided, and among the speakers on the occasion were Hon. Thomas Davis, late member of Congress, Hon. Mr. Fessenden, Speaker of the R. I. House of Representatives, Rev. Dr. Wayland and Rev. Dr. Hedge. The Providence *Journal* says that Mr. Davis's speech was one of the most eloquent and stirring of that gentleman's efforts, and that Dr. Wayland "made a most eloquent appeal in favour of freedom for Kansas." All very well, as far as it goes; but when will Dr. Wayland get ready to grapple in a manner worthy of his fame as a scholar and a Divine, not merely with the question of freedom for Kansas, but with that of the entire extinction of American Slavery? How long must the cause wait for the cooperation of such men?

PENNSYLVANIA FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—The sixth Annual Announcement of this institution, the prospects of which are constantly improving, is before us. Its sessions, we observe, are to be extended hereafter to five months; a change which indicates the determination of the Faculty to raise instead of lowering the standard of medical education. Intimate acquaintance with some of the instructors in this institution enables us to speak with confidence of their character and qualifications. The next term will commence on the 3d of October. For further particulars apply to Dr. Ellwood Harvey, 229 Arch St., Philadelphia.

FORAY ON MEXICO.—The *Austin* (Texas) *State Gazette*, June 23, says:

"There is about $20,000 subscribed for a foray upon Mexico, and we learn that some of the fillibusters are at present at the headquarters in San Antonio. Rumour gives the names of several and some from Austin. It is intended to raise some 500 or 1,000 men in Texas to go over to Mexico."

SLAVE TRADE.—Capt. Smith, late of the brig Julia Moulton, who pleaded guilty on an indictment charging him with having served on board a vessel engaged in the transportation of slaves, &c., was sentenced by Judge Ingersoll, on Tuesday, to a fine of $1,000 and imprisonment for two years.

ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

THE Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have issued the following tracts for gratuitous distribution:

No. 1. THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION, EXAMINED.
No. 2. WHITE SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.
No. 3. COLONIZATION. By Rev. O. B. Frothingham.
No. 4. DOES SLAVERY CHRISTIANIZE THE NEGRO? By Rev. T. W. Higginson.
No. 5. THE INTER-STATE SLAVE TRADE. By John G. Palfrey.
No. 6. THE "RUIN" OF JAMAICA. By Richard Hildreth.
No. 7. REVOLUTION THE ONLY REMEDY FOR SLAVERY.
No. 8. TO MOTHERS IN THE FREE STATES. By Mrs. E. L. Follen.
No. 9. INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY UPON THE WHITE POPULATION.
No. 10. SLAVERY AND THE NORTH. By C. C. Burleigh.
No. 11. DISUNION OUR WISDOM AND OUR DUTY. By Rev. Charles E. Hodges.
No. 12. POETICAL PIECES.
No. 13. THE TWO ALTARS: OR, TWO PICTURES IN ONE. By Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.
No. 14. "HOW CAN I HELP TO ABOLISH SLAVERY?" OR, COUNSELS TO THE NEWLY CONVERTED. By Maria Weston Chapman.
No. 15. WHAT HAVE WE, AS INDIVIDUALS, TO DO WITH SLAVERY? By Susan C. Cabot.

The Committee feel that they may well congratulate the Society, and all who desire the downfall of slavery, upon the highexcellence of this series of tracts. They deal with their various subjects in a masterly way, and are suited, and, we believe, destined to do a great work in behalf of genuine anti-slavery.

Other tracts are expected soon to follow.

We hope that the members of the Society, and the friends of the anti-slavery cause, will not allow the Tract Publication Fund to become exhausted. The demand for the tracts has been great, and still continues. They have been sent to all parts of the Eastern, Central and Western States. At the particular suggestion of a much-respected friend of the anti-slavery cause, we add that the cost of stereotyping a tract of eight pages, and publishing *five thousand copies* of it, is about Fifty Dollars. The cost of *stereotyping* is not far from one dollar and fifty cents per page.

In making donations, persons can indicate the particular tract, or tracts, in behalf of which they may prefer to have their donations applied.

Donations should be sent to FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston, Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

In behalf of the Executive Committee

Summary.

After 12 o'clock Tuesday night, July 3d., imprisonment for debt was "forever abolished in Massachusetts."

A New Haven paper, describing the localities of three prominent institutions of that city, says: "The Medical College is on the road to the cemetery; the Divinity College on the road to the poor-house, and the Law School on the road to the jail!"

AN AMERICAN QUEEN.—The Chicago *Journal*, alluding to the fact that Mr. Fillmore had been "smiled upon" by the Queen, says: "We know an American Queen, the mother of ten sons, all living, all labouring, and all honest men, whose smiles would be worth winning."

"A 'wee' cousin of mine, while talking with his aunt the other day, said: 'Aunty, I should think that Satan must be an awful trouble to God.' 'He must be trouble enough,' she answered. 'I don't see how he came to turn out so, when there was no Devil to put him up to it!' was the reply."—*Knickerbocker, for July.*

FONOGRAFIK.—It is told of an itinerant phrenologist, who had appointed a lecture, somewhere in Alabama, where they cut down the telegraph poles because they prevent its raining, that he was waited upon by a committee of the enlightened citizens, and ordered to leave the place. They were not abolitionists and would not therefore tolerate *free*-nology.

REMARKABLE SELF CONTROL.—The Brunswick (Me.) *Telegraph* tells a story of a young widow down on the Kennebec, who said to an acquaintance who was condoling with her upon the recent death of her spouse, "I hope you'll excuse my *not crying*, but the fact is, *crying always makes my nose bleed.*"

SHABBY.—The Rev. Mr. Beman (coloured man) was voted the use of the Hall of Representatives a few weeks since for Thursday night to address the members on the "white" question. It was announced in the papers, but a few hours before the night of the Lecture, the House *rescinded its vote* and those people who came to hear the lecture went away disappointed. This *we* call shabby treatment of Mr. Beman.—*Hartford Repub.*

General Shields, ex-Senator, says in a letter to a friend, that he is forming a settlement about fifty miles from St. Paul, Minnesota, on the highway to St. Peters, where he expects soon to have one of the best settlements in the Territory. He writes that this location presents splendid chances to get good land and make money by the operation. [The General probably hopes that, since Illinois has laid him on the shelf, Minnesota, when she comes into the Union, will restore him to the U. S. Senate.]

COLONIZATION.—As we predicted some time ago, the Colonization meeting held in this city, last week, was a tame affair. It is worse than vain to attempt to make anything of it in this State. The people reject it. What life it seems to possess is mainly infused into it by persons advanced in life, who were early committed, and who entertain a strong prejudice against anti-slavery societies. The young men seek no connection with this dead carcass.—*Portland Inquirer.*

"At a Sunday-school celebration, where, being very crowded, the little onees, 'undergoing catechism,' were pushing and 'hunching each other as 'children will,' the catechizer inquires the definition of peace. One little girl, in a particularly uncomfortable place, seemed anxious to answer: 'Well, my little girl, what is the definition?' 'I think, Sir, it means, not to "*hunch*" when you are *crowded.*'" [The *Knickerbocker* for July publishes as original this story, which appeared long since in that charming work, "A Kiss for a Blow," by Henry C. Wright].

CONVENTION AT FLUSHING.—A Convention was held in Flushing, Belmont County, Ohio, on the 10th ult., by the coloured people of Harrison, Jefferson, and Belmont Counties. At this Convention, a Society was organized "for the purpose of effecting a more perfect union among the coloured people of the above-named Counties, and to improve their character, develop their intellect, and maintain their rights." It is styled "The Ohio Progressive Liberty Association." The Society resolved to meet at St. Clairsville on the first Saturday of October next. The Convention also resolved to celebrate the anniversary of West India Emancipation on the first of August next at Barnesville.—*Ohio Columbian.*

HUMAN ELEVATION.—"I know," says Channing, "but one elevation of a human being, and that is Elevation of Soul. Without this, it matters nothing where a man stands, or what he possesses; and with it, he towers—he is one of God's nobility, no matter what place he holds in the social scale. There are not different kinds of dignity for different orders of men, but one and the same to all. The only elevation of a human being, consists in the exercise, growth, energy of the higher principles and powers of his soul. A bird may be shot upward to the skies by a foreign force, but it rises, in the true sense of the word, only when it spreads its own wings, and soars by its own living power. So a man may be thrust upwards in a conspicuous place by outward accidents, but he rises only so far as he exerts himself, and expands his best faculties, and ascends by a free effort, to a nobler region of thought and action."

A MONSTER TREE.—California grows everything on a gigantic scale, from gold boulders up to "tall timber." We have already had one or two specimens of her "big trees," but there is now a sample of her productive powers at the Crystal Palace, which transcends anything we have ever heard of in the wooden way. It is merely a tree 31 feet in diameter at the base, and which stood, when it did stand, 363 feet in height! No building in New York, except the Crystal Palace, is large enough to contain it, and it was there visited, on the 4th inst., by more than 7,000 persons. It is probably the greatest vegetable curiosity in the world, and will draw crowds during the short period it is to remain on exhibition at the Palace.

JEWISH ATONEMENT.—Mr. Bellson, a missionary to the Jews at Berlin, says, "The night or morning preceding the day of atonement, every Jewish family, at least those that observe the ceremonies, sacrifice for each male a cock, and for each female a hen; in this manner: they take hold of the animal by its legs and wave it three times around their head, and say, 'This is my representative; this is my reconciliation; this is my atonement.' If the people are poor, they are allowed to take one cock, or one hen, for several persons." The ceremony being performed, the fowls are killed, cooked, and eaten.

IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN LIQUORS.—Secretary Marcy, in reply to an inquiry from Mr. Delavan of New York, says he is "not aware of any treaty stipulation between the United States and foreign powers which should be inconsistent with any act of Congress prohibiting the importation of intoxicating liquors. The seventh article of the Convention with France, of the 4th of July, 1831, contains a stipulation for the admission of French wines at a specific duty. This stipulation, however, was to be binding on the United States for ten years only—from the exchange of the ratification of the Convention, which took place on the 2d of February, 1832."

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.—This institution over which Hon. Horace Mann presides, it appears, is $75,000 in debt. Of that sum $20,000 is due to the Connecticut Life Insurance and Trust Co., at 8 per cent interest. The Convention of Unitarians, lately in session at Buffalo, took measures to relieve the institution of its load, and assist to pay the salaries of professors, tutors, &c. The Buffalo Democracy says that, "while but $24 a year is charged for tuition at this noble institution, and young men are boarded there for only $1 25 per week, the Clark County Bank, on a debt due it of $20,000, and the Xenia Branch Bank, on a debt due it of $4,000 are each sucking 12 per cent. per annum interest out of the staggering and impoverished College."

The Hon. Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, is now in our city, which he visits for the purpose of seeing something of the gigantic growth of the Great West. He has already visited several of the neighbouring States, passing through the rich valley of the Ohio, the garden lands of Kentucky, and the smooth expanded prairies of Illinois. We feel satisfied that Missouri, however, will not shrink from even such formidable rivalry, but will present to impartial observation a fairer prospect of future wealth, and greatness than any of her sister States of the West.

Could not the Mercantile Library Association prevail on the Hon. Mr. Sumner to deliver a lecture before the Association, before his departure? We are sure it would gratify thousands to hear perhaps the most eloquent lecturer in the United States—for such is Mr. Sumner esteemed.—*St. Louis Democrat, June 28.*

A SPEECH.—The editor of *Harper's Magazine* pulls the following scrap from his "drawer":

"Many a verdant Congressman, fresh from his constituents, has found the floor of the national bear garden quite a different theatre for the display of his abilities, from the tavern or the store up country, where he has been wont to hold forth to his admiring friends. Mr. Colliers, who became one of the leaders in the Lower House, was taken all aback when he was first on his legs in the hall. He rose and said: 'Mr. Speaker.'

"'The gentleman from New York,' said the Speaker.

"It began to grow dark in front of the rising member, but he managed to exclaim again, 'Mr. Speaker.'

"'The gentleman from New York,' said the Speaker.

"By this time attention was arrested and the sudden silence was even more confounding than the uproar in which he had risen. Once more he cried out, and now on the verge of despair, 'Mr. Speaker.'

"'The gentleman from New York,' said the Speaker, with the faintest smile of compassion on his face.

"But no words came to bear the thoughts of the embarassed member, and turning to a friend sitting next to him, he burst forth—

"'I say, Ellsworth, do you know where I can charter a knot-hole for a fortnight?'

"That was his maiden speech. His next was a decided hit, and he speedily rose to the front rank of speakers in the House."

A CURIOUS CASE—NINETEEN SLAVES GONE.—We observed a good deal of excitement on Monday afternoon, on the wharf, near the steamer Caledonia, and soon saw a number of coloured people, male and female, carrying a great quantity of baggage off the steamer to the wharf. On inquiry we learned that an old gentleman on board was taking nineteen slaves, male and female, by way of this city, from Culpepper, Virginia, as he alleged, for the purpose of freeing them in Ohio, and buying land for them. The slaves, however, from some cause, became suspicious that he really intended taking them to some slave State, and holding them as slaves. Six men of the number, therefore, broke away from the party, and concealed themselves. The old man, as one of the slaves told us, assured the others that they might also leave if they pleased, and finally all put their baggage ashore quite deliberately, procured a waggon, and took it off into the city.

The old gentleman, meanwhile, sat on the boiler deck of the steamer, apparently a most indifferent spectator. We ascertained from the slaves that he was called Capt. Henry. He was a large, fine looking man, and of prepossessing manner.

We asked him what the difficulty was between him and the slaves. He merely answered, "I don't know myself—we don't understand each other."

We are still puzzled to understand the matter, however, and think it not unlikely that the slaves were themselves mistaken as to his designs. If they were, and even forfeited a handsome landed property, they are at least free. It is just to say that they had excellent clothing, a very large stock of baggage, trunks, &c., and have evidently had kind and liberal treatment from Captain Henry, who looked like a well-meaning old gentleman, and must feel deeply wounded if his intentions were such as he represents.—*Pittsburgh Despatch.*

SARAH PELLETT.—This lady, well known to many people in the Eastern States, is in California, lecturing on temperance. The *Marysville Herald* thus speaks of her:

"During the last two weeks, Miss Pellet has been labouring among the miners of Sierra, spreading the glad tidings of the gospel of temperance and rescuing hundreds and thousands of the slaves of Bacchus from their cruel thraldom. She is a marvelous woman—one of those whom Providence, once in a long age, sends upon earth to save it from destruction—and marvelous has been her mission in this our whiskey-drinking California. In her labours of usefulness and love, she is incessant. Few men, of robust frames, could encounter the dangers and perform the labours which this fragile and delicately nurtured lady meets and accomplishes, daily, in her mountain apostleship. Alone and unprotected, save by Heaven and her own high courage, she traverses the frightful gorges of the Sierra Nevada—visits every mining hamlet, rousing the hearts of the inhabitants, by her voice, to rally under the banner of temperance—meets and mingles with all classes and degrees of those bold, and, oftentimes reckless men of the mountains, without fear and without an apprehension of indignity or misconstruction. The miners hail her as they would some ministering spirit, and her voice falls upon their ears and their hearts, as though it were the soul-inspiring strains of angel ministrelsy. Everywhere she is received and and reverenced as a dear and cherished sister. Rude and uncouth men, in her presence, become respectful, courteous and refined—zealous to protect her from evil and aid her in her glorious mission. Temperance associations spring up, in her path, as the green herbage of the meadow springs up in beauty and gladness, after the vernal shower. In all her wanderings, among the men of the hills, her ear has never been insulted by a libertine remark, nor pained by unkind word."

KIDNAPPING.—On Friday of last week, two men were arrested in this city, having in their charge a Mosquito Indian boy, whom it was alleged they had kidnapped and intended to sell him into slavery in South Carolina. This intention was divulged by the parties themselves to some of their friends, who did not approve of their speculation, and gave information that led to the arrest of the kidnappers, one of whom is now in jail, and the other under bonds for trial.

The boy was brought from the Spanish Main, is of the Mosquito tribe, and cannot speak English. An interpreter is wanted for that language, as it will be indispensable to get the boy's story on the trial. Who can talk with Mosquitoes? It is suggested that now is a good opportunity to get the Clayton and Bulwer treaty interpreted, and thereby save Gen. Cass from making such another long speech as he once did on that subject.—*Phil. Woman's Advocate.*

"Hatred to the whites, with the exception, in some cases, of attachment to the person and family of the master," says the *Southern Religious Telegraph*, "is nearly universal among the black population." "Without the assistance of the non-slaveholding States," observes the Maysville (Ky.) *Intelligencer*, "the white population of the South would be too weak to quiet the innate desire of liberty which is ever ready to act itself out within every rational creature." We do not give these quotations with the slightest wish to indulge a fling at those who endure the terrible evils of the peculiar institution, but cite them simply as evidence from an unimpeachable quarter to negative the impression some at the North are willing to cherish, that the "institution" does not produce its necessary fruits—such fruits as all know must come of it in a greater or less degree, in the very nature of things. There never yet was an oppressed race that did not loathe its oppression, and was not dangerous; and the coloured race, however degraded or subdued, is no exception to this truth.—*Christian Register.*

A SLAVE FAMILY SET FREE.—On Friday morning, an elderly gentleman, from the South, called upon a young lawyer in this city, and engaged his services. The Southerner had arrived here the night before, bringing with him, from his broad savannahs of Georgia, four slaves—father, mother, and two children—for the purpose of emancipating them by legal proceedings in a Court of Record. On this generous errand, he had borne heavy expenses, and submitted to much personal inconvenience. He wished the act done promptly, but noiselessly, and, above all, the Reporters were not to get hold of the facts, for he disliked notoriety. A few minutes sufficed to draw petitions for writs of habeas corpus, and by 10 o'clock all the preliminaries were properly arranged. One of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas was waited upon, and kindly aided in the work. At three o'clock, after the Court had adjourned, and the loungers had dispersed, and even the Court Reporters were *non est*, the slaves were brought before his Honour, a hearing was entered upon the Record, examined, and in a few minutes those who had entered the Court-room with the brand of slavery upon them, departed free and manumitted. But few persons witnessed this generous act; but those who were present could see plainly that the late master, whose hair was whitened with age, looked upon the happy creatures who stood by his side with a joy far higher than any emotion which the feeling of mere ownership or property could inspire.

We should mention that, by the laws of Georgia, a master is forbidden to free his slaves, and that in this case it was necessary to bring them to a free State in order to manumit them. The freed family refused to remain in this city; although their former owner offered to secure them against want, if they chose to remain. They went South with him, but we believe the laws of Georgia will not permit them to live in that State as free people.—*Philadelphia Morning Advocate.*

CONCLUSION OF MR. PEPPERAGE'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.—"I shall close," said the eloquent orator, "by an allusion to the vital greatness and sempiternal importance of the national Union."

—This sentence was greeted by a salvo of tremendous cheers and cries of "Go it, Pepperage!"

"The Union!" perorated Mr. P.—"Inspiring theme! How shall I find words to describe its momentous magnificence and its beatific lustre? The Union!—it is the ark of our safety!!—the palladium of our liberties!!!—the safeguard of our happiness!!!!—and the ægis of our virtues!!!!! In the Union we live, and move, and go ahead. It watches over us at our birth—it fans us in our cradles—it accompanies us to

Miscellaneous Department.

MEMOIRS OF SYDNEY SMITH.

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

SYDNEY SMITH was born at Woodford, in Essex, England, in 1771. His grandfather was an eccentric man, married a French lady, and died not very rich. Lady Holland, the biographer, says:

"My father used to attribute a little of his constitutional gaiety to this infusion of French blood. His maternal grandfather, Mr. Olier, could not speak a word of English. He married a Miss Barton, who was a collateral descendant of Sir Isaac Newton's, through his mother's second marriage—a very distinguished ancestor to possess, and one not to be lightly passed over. My grandmother, Mr. Olier's youngest daughter, had (I have been told, for I never saw her) a noble countenance, which two of her sons inherited, and as noble a mind. To her early care of them, and to the respect with which her virtues and high tone of feeling inspired their young hearts, may be ascribed much that was good and great in their characters. The charm of her mind and manner extended even to her correspondence.

"The peculiarities and talents of the young Smiths were very early evinced; their mother describes them as neglecting games, seizing every hour of leisure for study, and often lying on the floor, stretched over their books, discussing with loud voice and most vehement gesticulation every point that arose—often subjects above their years, and arguing upon them with a warmth and fierceness as if life and death hung upon the issue—a most interesting spectacle to a mother justly proud of her boys and rejoicing in these signs of their future distinction. They were like young athletes, constantly trying their intellectual strength against each other; 'and the result,' I have heard my father say, 'was to make us the most intolerable and overbearing set of boys that can well be imagined, till later in life we found our level in the world.'

"As his sons were so nearly of an age, Mr. Smith deemed it advisable to separate them at school as much as possible, that there might not be too strong rivalry between them. Robert, the eldest, with Cecil, the third son, were sent to Eton, where Robert distinguished himself greatly, and was one of the four boys (he was then only eighteen) who wrote the 'Microcosm'; Mr. Canning, Mr. Frere and Mr. John Smith being the other three. From Eton he went to King's College, Cambridge, where (says a sketch of him, written, I believe, by Lord Carlisle, after his death) 'he added materially to the reputation for scholarship and classical composition which he had established at school.'"

In due time, Sydney was sent to Winchester school.

"He used to say, 'I believe, whilst a boy at school, I made about ten thousand Latin verses, and no man in his senses would dream in after life of ever making another. So much for life and time wasted.' At school he was not only leader in learning, but in mischief, and was discovered inventing a catapult by lamplight, and commended for his ingenuity by the master, who little dreamt it was intended to capture a neighbouring turkey, whose well-filled crop had already attracted the attention and awakened the desires of the hungry urchins. He left Winchester, as captain, for New College, Oxford, where, as such, he was entitled to a scholarship.

"New College was then chiefly renowned for the quantity of port wine consumed by the fellows, but the very slender income allowed him by his father, perhaps luckily for his health, did not permit him to indulge in such habits. As my father was too proud to accept what he could not return, he lived much out of society, and thus lost one of the advantages of college to a poor man—that of making private friends. I know little of his career at college, save that he obtained his fellowship as soon as it was possible, and from that moment he was cast upon his own resources by his father, who never afterwards gave him a farthing till his death. Yet with this small income, about £100 per annum, he not only preserved that honesty, so often disregarded by young men, of keeping out of debt, but undertook to pay a sum of £30 for a debt incurred when at Winchester school by his younger brother Courtenay, who had not had courage to confess it to his father before his departure for India.

"Courtenay became supreme judge of the Adawlut Court, subsequently made a very large fortune, acquired great reputation as a judge and Oriental scholar, returned to this country in his old age, and died suddenly a few years afterwards. On leaving college, it became necessary that my father should select a profession. His own inclination would have led him to the bar, in which profession he felt that his talents promised him success and distinction, and where a career was open to him that might gratify his ambition. But his father, who had been at considerable expense in bringing up his elder brother Robert to that profession, and fitting out the other two for India, after giving up a project he once had of sending Sydney as supercargo to China, urged so strongly his going into the church, that my father, after considering the subject deeply, felt it his duty to yield to my grandfather's wishes, and sacrifice his own, by entering the church, and became a curate in a small village in the midst of Salisbury Plain."

After some time, he ceased to be a curate, undertook the education of a young gentleman, but, being prevented by the war from travelling on the continent, he settled in Edinburgh, with pupils who yielded him £1,000 a year. There he met Brougham and Jeffrey, and with them projected and established the *Edinburgh Review*. When his pupils left him, he accepted a preferment in 1807, wrote "Peter Plymley's Letters," got married, and removed his family to Yorkshire.

"He now began to arrange his mode of life and establishment. He bought a little second-hand carriage, and a horse, called Peter; and the groom once exclaiming he had a 'cruel face,' he went ever after by the name of Peter the Cruel; in this little carriage he used to drive himself and my mother every Sunday, summer and winter (for she always accompanied him), to serve his church at Foston, and returned late in the evening.

"He used to dig vigorously an hour or two each day in his garden, as he said, 'to avoid a sudden death,' for he was then inclined to *embonpoint*, and perhaps, as a young man, may have been considered somewhat clumsy in figure (though I never thought so), for I have often heard from my father that a college friend used to say to him—'Sydney, your sense, wit and clumsiness always give me the idea of an *Athenian carter*.' He spent much time in reading and composition; his activity was unceasing; I hardly remember seeing him unoccupied, but when engaged in conversation. He never considered his education as finished, he had always some object in hand to investigate. He read with great rapidity. I think it was said of Johnson—'Look at Johnson, tearing out the bowels of his book.'

"It might be said of my father that he was running off with their contents, for he galloped through the pages so rapidly that we often laughed at him when he shut up a thick quarto as his morning's work, and said he meant he had looked at it, not read it. 'Cross-examine me, then,' said he; and we generally found he knew all that was worth knowing in it; though I do not think he had a very retentive memory. The same peculiarity characterized his compositions; when he had any subject in hand, he was indefatigable in reading, searching, inquiring, seeking every source of information, and discussing it with any man of sense or cultivation who crossed his path. But having once mastered it, he would sit down, and you might see him committing his ideas to paper with the same rapidity that they flowed out in his conversation—no hesitation, no erasions, no stopping to consider and round his periods, no writing for effect, but a pouring out of the fullness of his mind and feelings, for he was heart and soul in whatever he undertook.

"One could see by his countenance how much he was interested or amused as fresh images came clustering round his pen; he hardly ever altered or corrected what he had written (as I find by manuscripts I have of his); indeed, he was so impatient of this, that he could hardly bear the trouble of even looking over what he had written, but would not unfrequently throw the manuscript down on the table as soon as finished, and say, '*There*, it is done; now, Kate, do look over it, and put in dots to the i's and strokes to the t's—and he would sally forth to his morning's walk."

From Yorkshire he went to Bristol, where Lord Lyndhurst had appointed him a stall; and it is due to the ex-Chancellor to say that he, an opponent, served Sydney Smith, while his friends, the Whigs, were only talking of serving him. Subsequently he was made a prebend of St. Paul's. Wealth poured in on him; for his brother in India, dying, left him his property. This is a condensed history of an eventful life; and his daughter affectionately tells us all we could wish to know. He died in 1845. We subjoin a few extracts.

HIS LOVE OF CHILDREN.

"His love of children I have before alluded to; and particularly of his little grandchildren, whose happiness he delighted to promote. He hardly ever dressed in a morning without having them round him to assist him; or to play at shaving his table with his shaving-brush and huge wooden bowl, which still remained, though the reign of Punch had ceased. Amongst these grandchildren there was an odd, clever little girl, about five years old, who amused him much by her peculiarities; one of which was, that she insisted upon understanding everything she heard, and that when baffled, as she often necessarily was, she took to roaring and kicking. On one of these occasions, he was walking round his garden with his two arms swung behind over his black crutch-stick (his usual manner of walking), and hearing these sounds from his merry little favourite, he stopped under the open window, and called out, 'What is the matter with my little girl?' 'Oh,' said the mother, 'she cannot understand something about the Hebrews. I have tried to explain it to her; but, as she has lost her temper, I have told her she must wait till she is a little older.'

"He looked excessively amused at the mental ambition of the five-years' old, but walked off in silence. Two hours after, the mother found him closeted with the little culprit in his favourite library, in his large arm chair, with the child on his knee, with maps, dictionary and books piled around him; he explaining and she listening with apparently equal pleasure, till the difficulty was overcome, and the child satisfied. I must add, in justice to the little girl, that though she has retained her love of investigation, she has fortunately left off the habit of roaring and kicking under mental difficulties."

LETTER FROM MOORE.

"Your lively letter (what else could it be?) was found by me here, on my return from Bowood; and with it a shoal of other letters, which it has taken me almost ever since to answer. I began my answer to yours in rhyme, contrasting the recollections I had brought away from you with the sort of treasures you had supposed me to have left behind. This is a part of it:

> Reverend sir, having duly received by the post
> Your list of the articles missing and lost
> By a certain small poet, well known on the road,
> Who visited lately your flowery abode:
> We have balanced what Hume calls the '*tottle o' the whole*,'
> Making all due allowance for what the bard stole;
> And hoping th' enclosed will be found quite correct,
> Have the honour, reverend sir, to be yours with respect.
> Left behind a kid glove, once the half of a pair,
> An odd stocking, whose fellow is—Heaven knows where;
> And (to match these odd fellows) a couplet sublime,
> Wanting nought to complete it but reason and rhyme,
> Such, it seems, are the only small goods you can find,
> That this runaway bard in his flight left behind;
> But in settling the account just remember, I pray,
> What rich recollections the rogue took away;
> What visions forever of sunny Combe Florey,
> Its cradle of hills, where it slumbers in glory,
> Its Sydney himself, and the countless bright things,
> Which his tongue or his pen, from the deep shining springs
> Of his wisdom and wit, ever flowingly brings.

"I have not time to recollect any more; besides I was getting rather out of my depth in those deep shining springs, though not out of yours."

DR. DOYLE.

"This expression, '*that has the way with him*,' refers to a conversation my father had with Dr. Doyle, at a time he was anxious to learn as far as possible what effect the measures he was proposing would have upon the Catholics. He proposed that government should pay the Catholic priests. 'They would not take it,' said Dr. Doyle. 'Do you mean to say, that if every priest in Ireland received to-morrow morning a government letter with a hundred pounds in it, first quarter of their year's income, that they would refuse it?' 'Ah, Mr. Smith,' said Dr. Doyle, 'you've such a way of putting things!'"

HE WOULD NOT BE A BISHOP.

"The following short manly statement of his case, in a letter to Lord John Russell on the subject of his preferment, seems, as it were, to be extorted from him by that sense of justice which so powerfully influenced his feelings through life towards every person on every subject, less than by any wish to exalt himself, and therefore, to a certain degree, carries conviction with it.

"'I defy —— to quote one single passage of my writing contrary to the doctrines of the Church. I defy him to mention a single action of my life which he can call immoral. The only thing he could charge me with would be high spirits, and much innocent nonsense. I am distinguished as a preacher, and seldom as a parochial clergyman.

"'His real charge against me is, that I am a high-spirited, honest, uncompromising man, whom he and all the bench of bishops could not turn upon vital questions: this is the reason why, as far as depends upon others, I am not a bishop. But I am thoroughly sincere in saying, I would not take any bishopric whatever. I find a letter, written by his friend Lord John Russell, in answer, from which I shall give an extract, as it shows that this wish to do justice to my father was shared by his old friend, Lord John, likewise. 'My dear Sydney—I think you are quite right not to be ambitious of the prelacy, as it would lead to much disquiet for you; but if I had entirely my own way in these matters, you should have the opportunity of refusing it.'

"And again, my father wrote at a later period to Lord Holland, saying: 'You have said and written that you wished to see me a bishop, and, I have no doubt, would try to carry your wishes into effect. If proper vacancies had occurred in the beginning of Lord Grey's administration, I believe this would have been done. Other politicians have succeeded, who entertain no such notion. But there is still a greater obstacle to my promotion, and that is, that, *I have entirely lost all wish to be a bishop*. The thought is erased from my mind, and, in the very improbable event of a bishopric being offered me, I would steadily refuse it. In this I am perfectly honest and sincere, and make this communication to you to prevent your friendly exertion in my favour, and perhaps to spare you the regret of making that exertion in vain.'"—*Post.*

THE AUTHOR OF "JANE EYRE."

On the northern side of one of the wildest and bleakest moors of Yorkshire stands the little village of Haworth, consisting of a church and a few gray stone cottages. One of these, scarcely superior to its fellows, and distinguished only by a sort of courtyard surrounded by a low stone wall, and over-grown with grass (shrubs and flowers refusing to vegetate in so ungenial an atmosphere), is the parsonage. The architecture is of the simplest description—a straight walk leads up to the front door, in either side of which appears a window, that of the sitting-room looking into the church yard, well filled with grave-stones. On this parsonage, until within a few months since, not a touch of paint, nor an article of new furniture, had been expended for thirty years, the period which has elapsed since the death of Miss Bronté's mother.

Some six or seven years antecedent to that date, an Irish clergyman, the Rev. Patrick Bronté, then resident at Penzance, espoused a young lady, contrary to the wishes of her relations, who refused to hold any further intercourse with her after her marriage. Her husband, obtaining the perpetual curacy of Haworth, took his bride to his new residence, where she spent the remainder of her days, dying in a rapid consumption after the birth of her sixth child, Charlotte. Mr. Bronté, who, though advanced in years, is still alive, is described as a man of studious and solitary habits, and of a singular and highly eccentric turn of mind, which altogether, with a very peculiar temper, must have rendered him anything but a suitable guardian to a youthful family. Nor can we wonder at the mother's dying exclamation, "What will become of my poor children?"

Engrossed by his own pursuits, the father never even dined with his family nor taught them anything, and the children learned to write and read from servants only. When Charlotte was twelve years old, she (even then of an original and self-reliant nature) asked and obtained her father's permission that her sisters and herself should be placed at the clergy school at Cowan Bridge. This, as it then existed, she has described to the life in "Jane Eyre." Two of her sisters died of the fever which at one time devastated the school; the two others, and probably Charlotte herself, quitted it with the seeds of consumption in their constitutions, fostered by the cruel privations they underwent. The food was horrible, and of it, bad as it was, they obtained so little that they were literally half-starved. Frequently had she "crept under the table to pick up the crumbs others had dropped."

At the time of the fever, the doctor examined the food; he put some in his mouth, and hastily rejected it, protesting it was not fit for dogs. "So hungry was I," said Charlotte, "that I could have eaten what he threw away." The three survivors returned to Haworth with broken health, but there fresh trials awaited them. "At nineteen," continued Charlotte, "I would have been thankful for a penny a week. I asked my father, but he said, 'What do women want with money?'" She was yet only nineteen when she advertised for and obtained a situation as teacher in a school. Not finding it turn out as she had hoped, she waited until she had saved money enough to pay her passage to Brussels, where she had secured a position as school-teacher. She started alone, never having previously quitted Yorkshire.

When she arrived in London, it was night; she became alarmed, and, not knowing where to go, and fearing to trust herself with strangers, she took a cab, drove to the Tower stairs, hired a boat, and was conveyed to the Ostend packet. At first, the officer in command refused to take her on board till the next morning, but, on learning her desolate situation, recalled his prohibition. In Brussels she remained two years; her experiences there are detailed in "Vilette." The character of "Adèle," in particular, is drawn from life. On her return, she found that the health of her two remaining sisters was declining, and that her father's eyesight was becoming affected, and she considered it her duty to remain at home. She tried various ways of increasing their income, but failed in all.

Without mentioning her project to her father, she wrote "Jane Eyre," a work of which Messrs. Smith & Elder had the good sense to perceive the merits, and were courageous enough to publish it, in spite of its peculiarities, which would have alarmed any but a really spirited publisher. About three months after the appearance of her novel, and when its success was no longer doubtful, Miss Bronté resolved to screw up her courage, and inform her father of the step she had taken. Mr. Bronté, it appears, did not then join his family even at meal times. At dinner, Charlotte announced her intention to her sister, adding, that she would put it in execution before tea! Accordingly she marched into the study with a copy of her work, wrapped up in a review of it, which she had received, and the following conversation ensued:

"Papa, I have been writing a book!"

"Have you, my dear?" (He went on reading.)

"But papa, I want you to look at it."

"I can't be troubled to read manuscript."

"But it is printed."

"I hope you've not been involving yourself in any such silly expense."

"I think I shall gain some money by it; may I read some reviews of it?" She read the reviews, and again asked him if he would look over the book; he said she might leave it, and he would see. Later on that same evening he sent an invitation to his daughters to drink tea with him. When the meal was nearly concluded, he said: "Children, Charlotte has been writing a book, and I think it is a better one than I expected." For some years he never mentioned the subject again.

A lady, who afterwards became intimate with Miss Bronté, thus describes her first introduction to her: "I arrived late at the house of a mutual friend; tea was on the table, and behind it sat a little wee dark person, dressed in black, who scarcely spoke, so that I had time for a good look at her. She had soft lightish-brown hair, eyes of the same tint, looking straight at you, and very good and expressive; a reddish complexion, a wide mouth—altogether plain; the forehead square, broad and rather overhanging. Her hands are like bird's claws, and she is so short-sighted that she cannot see your face unless you are close to her. She is said to be frightfully shy, and almost cries at the thought of going amongst strangers.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

GLOVES.

> "He said he had his gloves from France;
> The Queen said, 'That can't be;
> If you go there for glove-making,
> It is without the *g*.'"—*Fair Rosamond.*

THE elder D'Israeli, in his sketch on the history of gloves, sets out by observing that, in the 108th Psalm, where the royal prophet declares he will cast his shoe over Edom, and in Ruth iv. 7, where the custom is noticed of a man taking off his shoe and giving it to a neighbour, as a pledge for redeeming or exchanging anything, the word *shoe* may in the latter, if not in both cases, mean *glove*. He adds, that Casaubon is of opinion that gloves were worn by the Chaldeans; and that in the Chaldee paraphrase of the book of Ruth, the word which we render as *shoe* or *sandal* is explained in the Talmud lexicon as "the clothing of the hand." Here is a sad confusion of hands and feet, as much so as in the celebrated observations by Mrs. Ramsbottom, that she "had had a great deal of walking on her hands, lately."

The flinging down of a sandal upon a territory was a symbol of occupancy or possession. "Upon the land of Edom do I cast my shoe" (sandal), says the Psalmist, in the 9th Psalm. And this was a symbol of slavery to the Edomites, for to loose the sandal was the office of a slave; and in Egypt, especially, we find paintings of slaves who are carrying their master's sandals. On the sole of the latter was sometimes represented a captive, whom the wearer had the pleasure of thus pictorially treading under foot. When an old shoe is thrown after a newly married couple, it does not so much imply that they have probably been put in possession of felicity as that they have certainly lost their liberty.

Xenophon remarks that the Persians wore coarse clothes, fought bareheaded, and never required pocket-handkerchiefs. He laughs at them, however, for using gloves, and for effeminately covering their heads, when the latter might best dispense with the protection. Laertes, the Greek, wore gloves when he was gardening, in order to protect his fingers from the thorns; and this shows that young Greek noblemen, in remote times, could occupy themselves usefully and innocently. *Our* youths, with much time, heavy purses, and a lordship of self, would find considerable profit in "putting on the gloves" for no worse purposes.

Gloves were not common among the Romans, but they were not entirely unknown. Varro says that to pluck olives without them was to spoil the olive; and Athenæus tells of a glutton who used to dine out in gloves, and so be enabled to dispose of the hot things quicker than the guests who were less prepared for the handling them. The fashion of gloves made its way, however, in Rome, in spite of the philosophers who affected to despise comfort, and did assuredly decline cleanliness. They were worn, for instance, by the secretary of the elder Pliny.

The mode seems to have been adopted in some excess by the monks, until a decree of the Council of Aix ordered that they should wear none but gloves of sheepskin. Had they turned their cilices into gloves, and made flesh-brushes of them, it would have been more profitable to themselves, and to all who stood near them. In France, the use of gloves was allowed only to bishops. They were sometimes used in great formalities of the "Church," and indeed of the State also; for bishops received investiture by presentation of a glove, and kings were not half crowned who did not receive a pair, with an episcopal blessing to enhance the gift.

Among the early English, the Anglo-Saxons, we find that ladies, before they knew the use of the glove, or applied their knowledge to its most convenient conclusion, had the ends of their mantles shaped into gloves, and these were worn over the hand, under the name of muffers. Gloves were worn by females before the Reformation, despite what Gough says to the contrary. A dishonoured knight was not only deprived of his spurs, but of his gloves also. It was right that the symbol for or gage of battle should be taken from him whose office it had been to carry arms, but who was no longer accounted as worthy of wielding them.

In Germany, he who entered a prince's stables, or was present at the killing of a stag, without taking off his gloves, had to pay his footing or fine; in the first case to the grooms, in the second to the huntsmen—and for this reason, because they could not mingle among grooms and huntsmen, and yet retain their dignity (asserted by keeping on the glove), without paying for it.

Gloves are distributed at funerals—perhaps originally as a challenge from the doctor, defying all who shall dare say that he had committed murder contrary to the rules of art. But they were acceptable presents on other occasions; and when gloves were rare, and James I. and Elizabeth gave those rich and rare articles as gifts to various members of the Denny family, no doubt the fingers of the latter felt the honour deeply. When these gloves were sold, some two centuries and a half later, a single pair fetched a price for which a man with judgment and taste might purchase a select library. One of this family, Sir William Denny himself, contributed a remarkable poetical work to the libraries of 1653, namely, the "Pelecanicidium, or the Christian Adviser against Self-murder; together with a Guide, and a Pilgrim's Pass to the Land of the Living." In the preface he says, "Mine ears do tingle to hear so many sad relations, as ever since March last, concerning several persons, of divers rank and quality, inhabiting within and about so eminent a city as late-famed London, that have made away and murdered themselves."

In England, gloves came in about the time the Heptarchy went out. The exact period is not known; but we *do* know that when a society of German merchants sought protection for the trade which they carried on between their own country and England, they propitiated King Ethelred II. by presenting him with five pairs of gloves; their not being able to muster the half-dozen, shows the rarity of the article. In the case mentioned, the gloves were probably not so much a gift or bribe as a portion of duty paid in kind. Prior to this period the hands of both sexes were covered, as I before observed, by the mantles; and some persons, with rapidly progressing ideas, had donned an imperfect structure which presented a stall for the thumb, and a sort of stocking foot for the rest of the fingers. They were like the mufflers which we place on the digits of young England; and when Mrs. Ramsbottom made the observation I quoted in the first paragraph, of "having had much walking on her hands lately," she may have had these very mufflers in her eye.

Gloves soon became fashionable among the higher classes; at least, Ordericus Vitalis tells us that when the Bishop of Durham escaped from the Tower, during the reign of Henry I., he had to slide down a rope; and as the bishop, in his hurry, had "forgotten his gloves," he rubbed the skin off his hands to the bone, in descending from the window. Duke Charles of Guise, when he escaped in a similar manner from the Château at Tours, in the days of Henri III., had better fortune; he descended more leisurely than the bishop, being lighter, and with no further detriment than a rent in his hose.

Long before the period referred to by Ordericus, the French monks were the authorized glove-makers. They especially loved hunting, but respectability required that they should not love the sport merely for the sport's sake. Accordingly, Charlemagne granted to the monks of Sithin, especially, unlimited right of hunting, because of the skins of the deer killed by them they made gloves and girdles, and covers for books. I have before noticed that by a subsequent decree of the Council of Aix, in the time of Louis le Débonnaire, monks were forbidden to wear any gloves but those made of sheep-skin.

Gloves were popular new-year's gifts, or sometimes "glove-money" in place of them; occasionally, these gloves carried gold pieces in them. When Sir Thomas More was Chancellor, he decided a case in favour of Mrs. Croaker against Lord Arundel; the former, on the following new-year's day, gratefully presented the judge with a pair of gloves with forty angels in them. "It would be against good manners," said the Chancellor, "to forsake a gentlewoman's new-year's gift, and I accept the gloves. The *lining* you will elsewhere bestow."

It will be remembered that St. Gudule had the faculty of being able, when her candle was extinguished, to blow it in again. Many among us enjoy the same faculty, and school-boys often practice the miracle—the only one ever performed by St. Gudule. It is said, however, that when the saint prayed, barefooted, in church, the attendant priest, moved by compassion, put his gloves under her feet. They immediately rose, and hung in the air for a whole hour; but what that proves, I really do not know.

But we have had gloves suspended in our own churches. When Bernard Gilpin was preaching in the North of England, he observed, on entering one of the churches there, a glove suspended from the roof; and having learned that it was a challenge placed there by a Borderer, in defiance of some other Borderer, he tore it down, to the great disgust of the sexton, who had a respect for established usages, even though the devil had invented them. Good Bernard Gilpin gave a challenge of his own from the pulpit; he flung down the Gospel before the rather angry people, who were highly civilized, and therefore averse to innovation; and he told them so defiantly of the difficulties in the way of their salvation, that they determined to surmount them and become a Christian people; and *that*, under correction, is a better glove, and greater miracle, than those of St. Gudule. * * *

Our Queen Elizabeth was a wearer of gloves that are said to have been of a very costly description. Shakspeare was once acting in her presence the part of a king—one of his own making; and so careful was he of the illusion of the scene, that he forgot all other things beside. The Virgin Queen resolved to put him to the proof; and as the mimic king passed before her, she dropped one of her gloves. Shakspeare, faithful subject as well as actor, immediately paused, and with the words that "although bent on this high embassy, yet stoop we to pick up our cousin's glove," he presented it to the real Queen, and then passed on. This anecdote is often cited to prove that nothing could induce the poet actor to depart from the business of the stage; and it proves exactly the contrary; but as an illustration of gloves I have found it handy to my purpose.

Elizabeth treated Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, more generously than she did Shakspeare. The Queen gave him her glove, which, she having dropped it, he had picked up to return to her. He immediately adorned it with jewels, and placed it in his cap, where he displayed it at all jousts and tournaments. Chivalrous gentlemen at Donnybrook fair follow something of this fashion when they draw a chalk line round their hat, and knock down every one bold enough to declare that it is not silver lace. Elizabeth, I may add, received as well as gave gloves. The first embroided pair ever worn in England were presented to her by Vere, Earl of Oxford, when he returned from a mission abroad. The Queen had her portrait taken with the gloves introduced.

And speaking of embassies, recalls to my memory another story connected with gloves and legations. Ambassadors' effects are passed without examination—not by law, but out of courtesy. This courtesy has made smugglers of many an envoy's wife; of none more than of a French Ambassadress, not very many years ago, in England. She used to import huge cases of gloves under the name of "despatches," and these she condescended to sell to English ladies who were mean enough to buy them. But the custom-house officers became tired of being accomplices in this contraband trade, and they put a stop to it by a very ingenious contrivance. Having duly ascertained that a case directed to the Embassy contained nothing but ladies' gloves, they affected to treat it as a letter which had been sent through the Customs by mistake, and which they made over to the post-office. The authorities of the latter delivered the same in due course; the postage-fee of something like £250 was paid without a remark; and the ambassadress stopped all further correspondence of that sort by declining to deal any longer in gloves.

But even the Customs get defeated occasionally, in spite of their cleverness. Some years ago, a celebrated exporter of contraband goods, residing at Calais, sent on the same day, to two different parts of England, two cases of gloves, one containing gloves only for the right, the other case gloves only for the left hand. The "left hands" got safely to their destination, but the "rights" were seized. The Customs, however, could find no purchaser at the usual sale for single gloves, but they were at last bought by an individual at the rate of a penny a dozen; this individual happened to be the possessor of the other single gloves, and he reaped a rich profit by the trick over the fair and honest dealer.

This was a more successful trick with the gloves than that practised by the lady who, flinging her petty gauntlet on to the arena where some wild beasts were struggling, bade her knight descend and bring it back to her. The cavalier accomplished the task, but he smote the cruel damsel in the face with the glove ere he threw it at her feet; and, turning on his heel, he left her forever. She of course lived on in single sullenness; and I warrant that she never saw white gloves and a wedding without a twinge at her heart.

The late Duke of Orleans was once almost as unlucky as this lady, and all through a glove. He was visiting some of the wounded at Antwerp, in a hospital near the scene of conflict. He spoke kindly to all, and he shook hands with several; but one of those he so honoured bluntly remarked, that when the Emperor shook hands with the wounded, he first drew off his gloves.

The Duke as much offended *contra bonos mores* by keeping his gloves on as an old-fashioned naval captain once did by keeping them off. The marine hero in question had stood up to go through a country-dance with a very fine lady, who was shocked to observe that his huge and warm hands were not covered according to etiquette. "Captain," said his fair partner, "you are perhaps not aware that you have not got your gloves on." "Oh, never mind, Ma'am!" answered the commander, "never mind; I can wash my hands when we've done!" The gallant sailor was not as wide-awake to the advantages of opportunity for gallantry on the question of gloves as Yorick was when the grave gentleman flirted with the Calais grisette. He was no descendant—albeit his name was Harley—of that Earl of Oxford I have just named, who once presented Elizabeth with a pair of gloves, ornamented with four tufts of rose-coloured silk, so deliciously scented, that she called the scent "Lord Oxford's perfume."

London, Ludlow, and Leominster, Worcester, Woodstock, and Yeovil, are the great seats of the leather-glove manufacture in England. The Worcester district alone supplies six million pairs annually, and all, or nearly all, made by hand. Derby contributes silk gloves; the worsted come from Leicester; and Nottingham furnishes us with cotton gloves. In addition to these, we yearly import between three and four million pairs of leather gloves from France. The export of home-made gloves is very small—not large enough to keep warm the fingers of the little republic of San Marino.

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—*Habits and Men.*

THE GIPSY OF SYDENHAM.

A CHAPTER ABOUT CIVILIZATION.

ON Monday, I went forth to the Crystal Palace, to hear Mademoiselle Alboni sing, and at the door of a transept it was my misfortune to discover that I would have to pay one guinea for the pleasure, or return homeward to retrieve neglect. Clouds cleared away from the sky, long lines of warm sunshine kissed the earth, and with the remnant of forest glades in the locality, I thought I saw another means of securing the enjoyment of a day. Whereupon, as the hour approached for the lady Alboni to charm ten thousand people in the Sydenham palace of glass, I found myself in the heart of the Sydenham forest, the solitary guest of a not less interesting lady of the gipsy tribe, her voice equally pathetic, far more natural, and, as I shall proceed to show, breathing a higher instruction and sending forth a profound philosophy. Alboni, I understand, was unwell, and did not fulfil her appointment; my gipsy charmer made no appointment, but I hereby undertake the task of introducing her, I should hope, to ten thousand readers, believing that she will not disappoint their romantic expectations.

The disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau must believe that Nature is falling into decay at Sydenham, for as columns of glass rise to cover the verdure of the hills, and as railway excavators clear away the old woods, behold how the Spirit of Silence and Solitude is chased from one of her most enchanting retreats! If the soul is pure only as it escapes contact with mankind, not now at Sydenham can its sacred perfection be realized. Passing through the village at noonday, I saw fifty postillions drunk, and every ray of sunshine polluted with the fumes of tobacco—behind, steam tubes of the palace clamoured with most unearthly utterances, and onwards the beautiful forest was clave asunder by rude navvies, cursing the oaken trunks. It was not, therefore, a difficult task to entertain serious doubts even about Crystal Palace civilization, and in that humour I sought the most sheltered spot amid acres of trees, and cast myself upon the ground, spreading out the last copy of the *Times* newspaper, and at page the eighth I began to read that English heroes had destroyed six millions of rations of that daily food for which we pray, and that this circumstance would give England "the most sincere satisfaction." I groaned audibly and heard a footstep.

"Sir," said a female voice, "you're a gentleman as is much troubled in your mind, and as I counts the stars, and knows all about Jupiter, Venus, and the like of them, I can tell ye where your sorrow comes from, and how it will end. Now, look at me, sir—(here I lifted my eyes)—for I know what few knows of these things, and if ye've got an enemy ye should be made acquainted with his moves, and get away from his hatred. Ye are a man that thinks a great deal, and sometimes has a heavy heart. That's the real truth, I am sure, and I can tell you more for only a little. Now, sir, come let me tell your fortune."

I said to the stranger I should be much more pleased to pay her if she would tell me her own, whereupon, she planted herself upon the ground, at a respectable distance, and made some motion of her hands to two little Nebuchadnezzars who lay feeding upon the grass, and whom I understood to be her own children. The gipsy woman was one of the most graceful of her race. Swedish in her descent, young in her years, hair black and loose as Nature would have it, eyes dark and piercing, her dress free from all artifice and restraint, arms like velvet floating out of a shawl of unblemished red, the voice earnest and sweet, and the countenance illuminated with benevolence and decision, she appeared to be a perfect model for an aspiring artist, and I did not regret I had not paid a guinea to see Alboni, for a greater than Alboni was here.

"Woman," said I, "you are a gipsy and a barbarian."

"I am, sir," she replied; "and as I think you be a clergyman and one that preaches, I'll just tell ye that they who lie under a tent and die in a ditch have as much a God as yoursel', and he's my God as well as yourn, though you live in a great house and preaches to fine people."

This was a splendid shot, and it proved irresistible. I assured the gipsy I did not preach, though sometimes I prayed; and she proceeded to maintain, with great pride, that she offered prayer herself, and taught her little ones the same; in proof of which she made one of them advance, and he went through the Lord's Prayer with some precision, in a compound of low German and provincial English. It was never said in greater innocence, however clumsy the expression; and I next discovered, upon inquiry, that the mother's knowledge about the author of the Christian faith was much more simple and, to all appearance, much more sincere than my own.

"Then why do you deceive people with your fortune-telling?"

"The Lord bless ye," said the woman, "we never deceives; but we finds the people that live in houses so simple and make-believes, that they easily take in what you folks call the prophets, and we cram them well because they likes it. We just say what is the truth, and always was the truth, and will be true for ever and ever. Ye see, sir, we're paid for it, and that's what all the world is that talks and speaks to the people."

"Why not leave your tent and come and live with us in houses."

"No, no, sir, never! Your houses are filled with diseases, from floor to ceiling, and top to bottom, and we've no diseases in the tent but what can be cured with the flowers of the field. We wanders over the earth with our donkeys and our tents, but we could not wander away with houses, and I will tell ye, sir, that you as live in houses have thieves and murderers around ye, but nobody comes to us to do us any harm, and we doesn't keep anything back from one another, but divides all as we gets to every one of us, which you housefolks cannot do. My faith, ye're all a selfish lot, but our home is the fields, and the woods, and we die and go to a better country."

Now, I may as well confess that I placed myself unreservedly at the feet of this prophetess of Nature, anxious to get all the instruction she was capable of supplying, and, in order to encourage the process, I participated in a frugal repast which she spread out for herself and children. Her husband had gone forth to retail articles of their handicraft to the housefolks, and here were bread, butter and cheese for the babes, with a bottle filled with water fresh from the brook. I learned that my instructress knew nothing whatever of the meaning of such words as "corns," "bunions," "toothaches," "rheumatism" and "influenza." The excrement of the cow was applied as an infallible remedy for burns and excitements of the skin, while the leaves of wild plants, boiled into tea, always cured measles and the small-pox, diseases to which gipsy children were liable if they went too near a town. The mother would not for the world have any child taught a trade, lest it should be compelled to find a master and become a slave. She had only visited a place of worship once in her life, and, as her lungs could not breathe in such a close atmosphere, she had determined never to go to such a place again. Once upon a time a gentleman came among the gipsies and read about the Great Teacher in the mountain and in the wilderness, when something came all over her mind she had not felt before, and which she wanted to feel again. She had a very clear notion that such animals as hares and partridges were the property only of those who could catch them, but chickens and ducks were sacred, received only by gift and purchased only by money. The evil thing that is said to haunt the gipsy tribe for ever, I mean the foul leprosy, was too painful a subject for her speech; but in raising her hand to signify that the Divine Being was a spirit, I imagined I saw the mark of the Satan on the flesh, sent to buffet and to humble. She had seen the roof of the great glass palace on the other side of the hill, but did not want to go nearer to it, for it did nobody any good that she could see, except to make people thievish and proud. I was bold enough to say that I would take her children into the building if they would accompany me, but she declined the honour with many thanks, intimating, at the same time, that the price of admission would be most acceptable to help to buy a new canvass for their tent. The whole wide world, of which she was conscious, was comprised in a circuit round "the great city of Lunnun," and she prayed ever that she and her children and all her race might never enter the great city itself, for they would be sure to bring off some malady that would cling to them for generations. In good truth, she pitied and wept for the condition of all the multitudes of people who had built streets and houses, and made schoolmasters, physicians and priests, and she fondly looked forward to the time when the necessaries of life could be obtained without the aid of money, and when the human family would, as in olden time, make their home in the forest and their temple on the mountain top. In less refined language than that employed by Gibbon, she inculcated Gibbon's doctrine, that mankind built cities only to destroy themselves, and, in her opinion, all iniquity began when the race learned the knowledge of good and evil.

"But you would teach your children to read books?" I asked.

"Nobody ever knows any good ever comes of reading books," she replied. "Faugh-faw!" she continued, "what have you got there?" pointing to the abandoned copy of the *Times* which lay upon the grass.

I explained that this was the latest edition of the news of the day, giving us, at one peep, all that was important to know about our own and every other country. I inquired if she knew where Sebastopol was? No. Had she heard of such a city? No. Or of the Emperor Nicholas the First? No. Or of Napoleon and France? No.

"Woman," I said, rising from the ground, "do you not know that human beings are killing each other in thousands at Sebastopol?"

"God bless us, where?"

"Have you not heard that the people of France and England, of Turkey, Russia and Sardinia, have gone out with great knives and balls of fire to cut one another to pieces, and to blow up streets and cities?"

She rose and pierced me with a vacant stare.

"My good woman, have you not heard that nation has gone forth to murder nation, that great hosts of men wearing turbans, helmets and hats, are, at this moment, employed in making the land drunk with the blood which flows from their hearts, and in crowding the air with their dying groans?"

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed the gipsy, "where?"

"Here," I said, pointing to the *Times*, "we read it here, in this newspaper. Listen, and I shall read."

"I had rather not," was the reply.

The next moment the simple-minded but noble mother of the gipsy tribe had called her companions, she had caught her children in her arms, and she proceeded to fly from the *Times* and myself, crying aloud, as she departed, "That's all the good you fine folks get from reading books!"

I returned to the village with the daily record of civilization and bloodshed in my pocket—from the village to the rail, and from the rail to the great city.

And now, in this great metropolis of the British empire, I find myself in my private home closeted amid piles of books, and with the floor and table groaning beneath